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THE SPHERE, APRIL 27, 1935
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLI No. 1840

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

APRIL 27 1935

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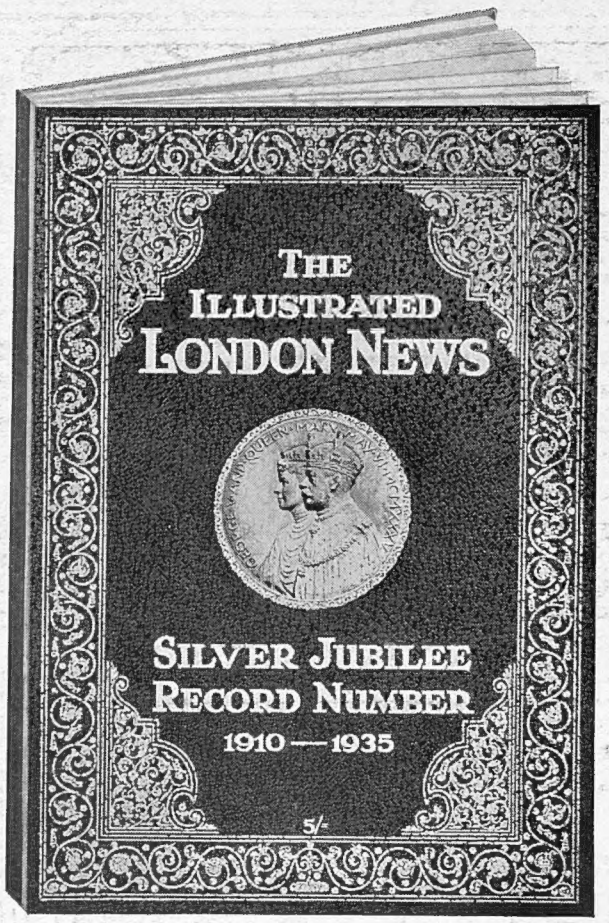

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MAY 4 ISSUE (TWO SHILLINGS)

This Number, which will be superb from cover to cover, with a quantity of colour, will deal with their Majesties in person, showing what their beneficent reign has done for the Nation. The issue of May 4 will deal chiefly with the personalities of our Great King and Queen. It will not be in a sense a history of the twenty-five years' reign, but will show how much the Royal House means to the loyal subjects of the Crown.

In addition, all the preliminaries of the Jubilee Celebrations will be dealt with *in-extenso*. The chief participants, the preparations and the staging of the great events will be illustrated in colour and in monochrome, so that the Number will form an admirable guide to the pomp and splendour of the following week.

MAY 11 ISSUE (TWO SHILLINGS) COVERING ACTUAL CEREMONIES

The issue will contain all the best illustrations of the actual ceremonies dealing with the Silver Jubilee, in such a way that even those who are unable to witness them will be almost able to feel that they were present in person.

The processional ride of Their Majesties and the ceremony in St. Paul's will be presented in a specially spacious way.

Everything of interest dealing with the actual events of the most eventful days will be covered most strikingly so that the Number will be a permanent record of the rejoicings and thanksgivings for the reign of the King and Queen.

This will not be in any way a retrospective number; it will be of an entirely topical character and will be one that everyone who rejoices with us in the fortunate completion of Their Majesties' twenty-five years of unremitting efforts for the good of their Country, must procure and keep as a memento of the great occasion.

THE SPHERE MAY 4 (TWO SHILLINGS)

The issue of "The SPHERE" for May 4th (the Saturday preceding the actual day of celebration, Monday, May 6), will take the form of a record of the King's reign from May 6, 1910 (the day of his accession) to the present day.

The chief feature of this issue will be a personal narrative from the very able pen of one who has shared in many of the great incidents of the reign. It will appear under the title of "Twenty-five Years a King" and will be copiously illustrated from all available sources. Many of the events have been pictured by Mr. F. Matania, R.I., "The SPHERE'S" leading black and white artist. and a study of the wealth of material which the Editor is preparing reveals the fact that this record should prove a veritable cavalcade of pictorial splendour.

Many of the outstanding events will be pictured in full colours. Portrait painters of note will contribute studies of the King and Queen with scenes in the Royal residences. A special separate plate-portrait of His Majesty will be included.

MAY 11 (TWO SHILLINGS)

Every preparation is being made to make "The SPHERE" of May 11 a splendid, almost a living picture of the events in celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the King's reign.

This issue will form a record of the actual ceremonies, Royal and Civic, with which the wonder week of May will be marked. The foremost black and white artist of the day, Mr. F. MATANIA, R.I., will picture a number of the main incidents, and will be supported by a band of distinguished artists specially selected and commissioned for this issue.

All the pictures will have actuality quality which have distinguished "THE SPHERE" in past years, and which will undoubtedly give this issue its special value as an historic document.

Special subjects will be reproduced in colour and the whole will be bound within a cover of exceptional artistry, designed by Millar Watt. It will convey in decorative form the sense of timeliness which lies within and will be a worthy addition to the family treasures.

SPORTING AND DRAMATIC MAY 3 (TWO SHILLINGS)

The Special Royal Jubilee Number of "The Illustrated Sporting & Dramatic News" will contain a complete pictorial and literary record of His Majesty's life as a sportsman. His career and achievements as a shot, yachtsman, race-horse owner, dog-breeder and farmer will be dealt with in detail by recognised authorities.

Lieut.-Col. Cyril Foley will describe His Majesty's brilliant career as one of the best shots in the world.

Major B. Heckstall Smith, recognised as a world-wide authority on yachting, writes with first-hand knowledge of the King's many successes with "Britannia," aboard which Major Heckstall Smith has sailed on many occasions.

The royal stables and bloodstock will be described by Mr. Cecil Leveson-Gower.

His Majesty's gundogs will be specially illustrated and described by our Kennel Editor, Mr. A. Croxton Smith. A special set of photographs, for which royal permission was obtained, will be given.

In addition a handsome coloured plate of His Majesty's well-known Clumber Spaniel, "Sandringham Spark," will be presented with this issue.

This will be the first of a series of "FAMOUS DOGS" which will be given away in subsequent numbers.

The issue will also contain a number of beautiful coloured plates showing the King yachting and racing, and a set of privately taken and hitherto unpublished photographs of His Majesty shooting, the publication of which the King has graciously permitted in The SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS.

YOU ARE ADVISED TO PLACE DEFINITE ORDERS IN ADVANCE FOR THESE SILVER JUBILEE NUMBERS

Readers, and especially those readers who live overseas, are advised to order their copies NOW from newsagent or bookstall, or from our publishing office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. This is necessary to avoid disappointment, as the demand will certainly exceed the supply, very large as that supply will be.

The TATLER, The SKETCH, BYSTANDER

These popular favourites will be issued on the ordinary day of publication (Wednesday) in the weeks before, during and after the Celebrations. These will sell at the usual price of One Shilling.

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THE chic of an Emile coiffure is something which strikes the eye in an instant. The more one examines a head dressed by Emile the more one is inclined to agree with those who say that it ***pays*** to go to a hairdresser of Emile's reputation. It pays in the same way that it pays to go to a big modiste or dress designer, for fame is so rarely a matter of chance. The coiffure illustrated is one of Emile's latest; it is equally suitable for day and evening wear, and can be adapted in a variety of ways to suit individual types. 'Phone or write for an early appointment to discuss the most suitable hairdressing design for YOU. If your hair needs perming or tinting, have it done at once by Emile's expert hair artists.

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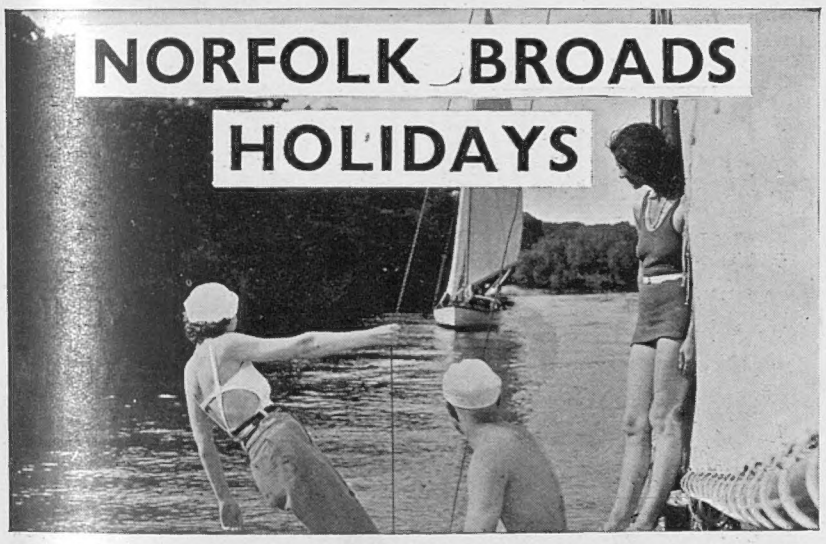

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(6)	£45	0	0
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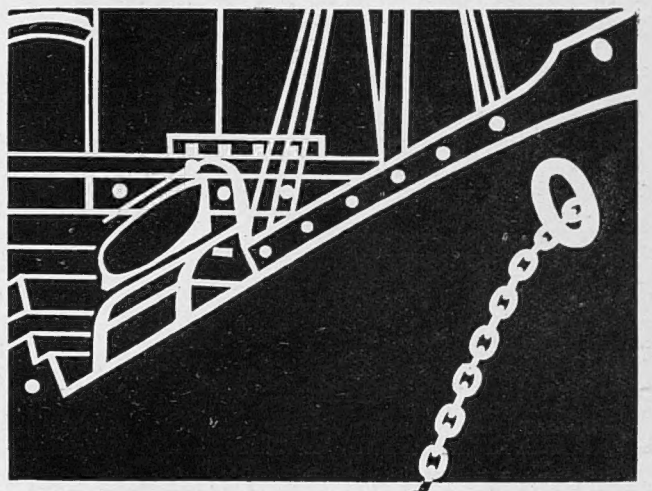

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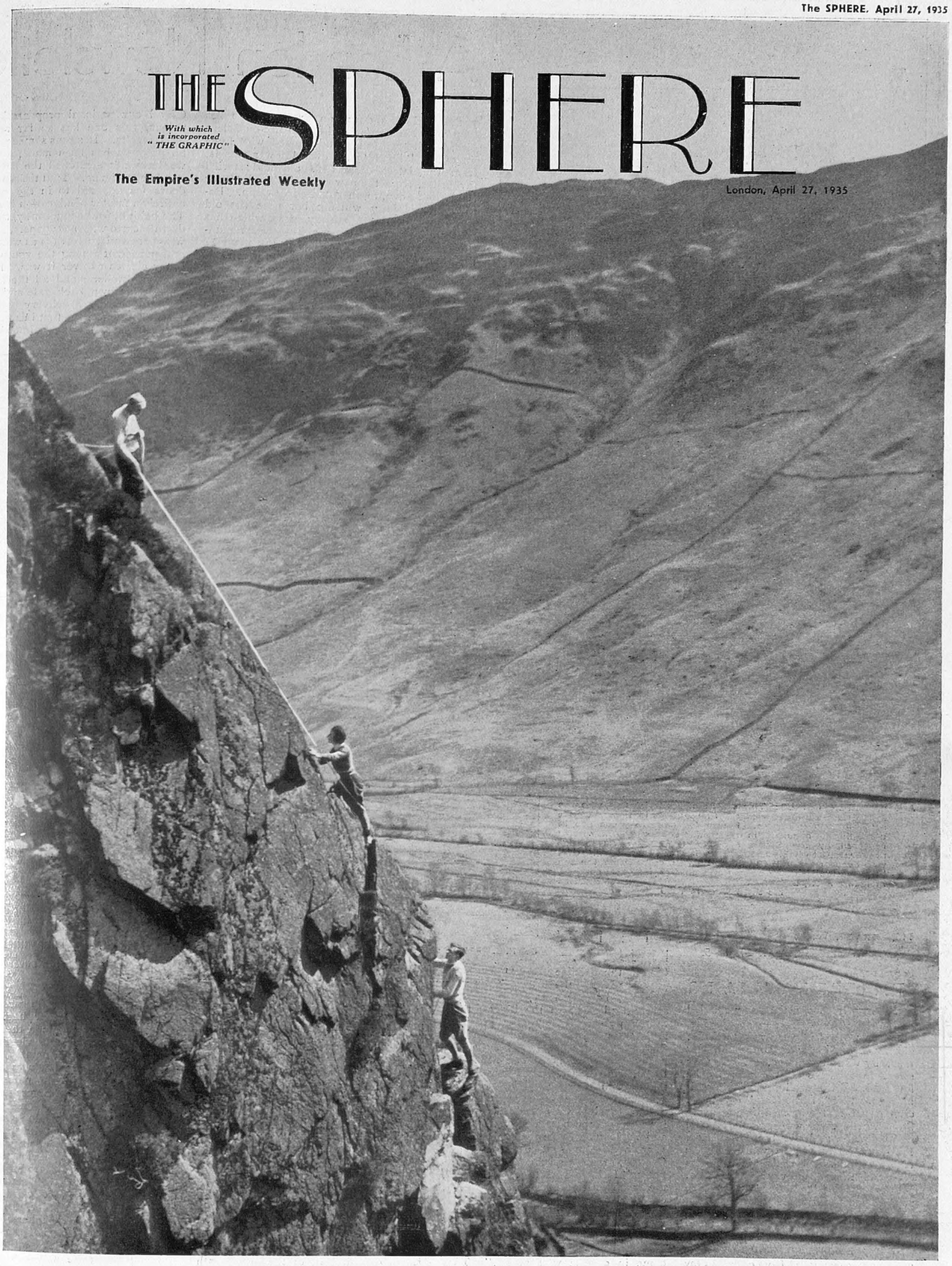
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, April 27, 1935



Easter Amid the Lakeland Fells

Holiday-makers Negotiating a Wall of Rock on the Famous Langdale Pikes in Westmorland

Racing, football, and other sports invariably attract an unusually large number of spectators at Easter, but, whatever the vagaries of the weather, the countryside is always the principal attraction, and thousands flock from the towns by car and on foot to gain a glimpse of rural England in the most beautiful of all the seasons. This Easter was no exception, and hosts of hikers tramped the lanes and high roads, braving the discomfort of the April showers and enjoying, in compensation, intervals of brilliant sunshine. Others had an even more strenuous time, and in Scotland, Derbyshire, and the Lake District climbing parties ascended many of the higher peaks. This picture was taken as Mr. Stanley Watson, the well-known guide, was assisting a party on the difficult ascent of Middlefell Buttress on Langdale Pikes, at the summit of which glorious views can be obtained of the surrounding country

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

A FORGOTTEN GENIUS: This statue of Frederick Gye, who was in his time the most successful impresario in England, once stood in Covent Garden. It was found some years ago in a dilapidated condition in an antique shop and is now being restored by the South Kensington Museum authorities preparatory to being replaced in its former position. Gye, who lived between 1810 and 1878, was responsible for the introduction of many operas and singers into this country, including Patti, Lucca, and Albani. The last-named married his son Ernest in 1878

A London Newsletter

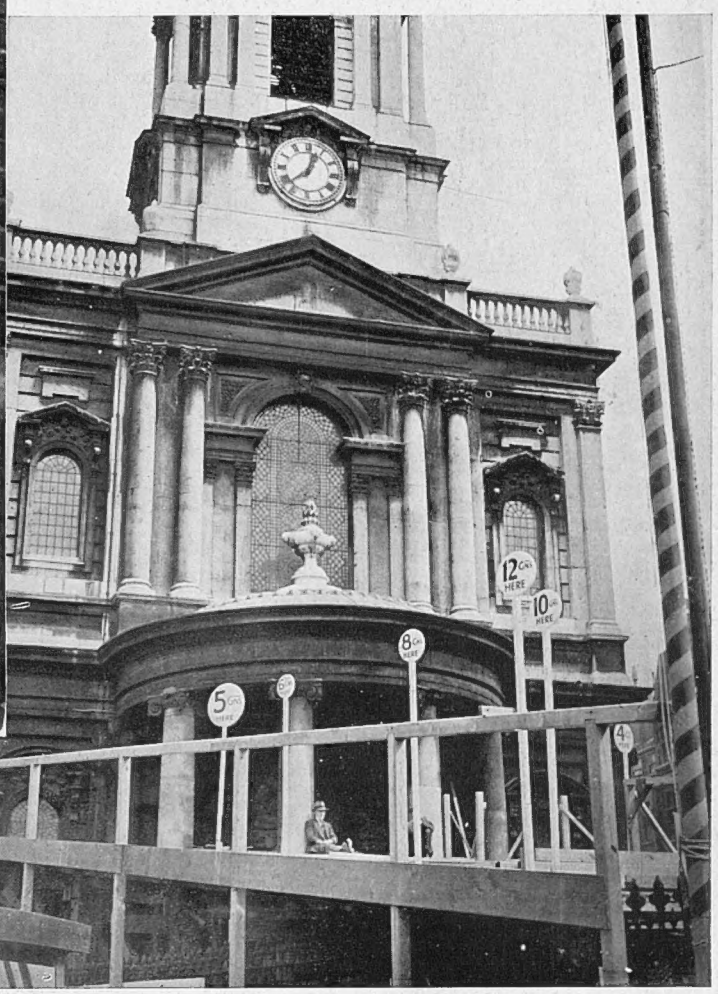
346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, April 24, 1935.

THE LITTLE MAN'S EASTER EGG.

—Of course, the nasty minded—i.e. the Opposition—called Mr. Chamberlain's Budget a vote-catching, electioneering budget. But the Easter rose, by whatever name, smelled very sweet to Strube's Little Man as he figured it out time and again during his holiday. Our "Little Man" is a minor civil servant. He has a wife and three brats whose chief amusements are the small cinema and the theatre gallery. He earns about £400 a year—and the turn of the wheel finds his counters clustered round the winning number. He benefits by "married" allowance, raised from £150 to £170; by reduction of "half the standard rate" from 2s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. on the first £135; he gets another £10 of allowance for his second and third child and he gets his salary again exempted from cuts. As for his "pleasures," they are henceforth free of entertainment tax. 70 per cent. of the taxpayers of the country rejoice and are glad and will gain appreciably, giving the Exchequer a clear loss on current figures of £10,000,000 in income tax receipts; while the grievances of civil servants, teachers, actors and small cinemas are allayed. To that extent it must be, if innocently, an "electioneering budget." Against this big percentage of gratified voters, the complainant voice was but faintly heard. I prefer to call it a just and humane, rather than a "clever," budget. It is, of course, founded on optimism.

THE NAVY IN JUBILEE.—

Of all the Jubilee pageants I fancy the great naval occasion at Spithead will give the biggest thrill to the public. Partly because naval reviews as public spectacles are rarer than those on land or in the air, partly because the sea is still in our blood, and the Senior Service still maintains its prime hold on public sentiment. I well remember the Coronation Naval Review of 1902, and how it impressed the nation with the power and majesty of Britain which the Boer War had somewhat dimmed. Mr. Gretton, in his *Modern History*, notes how: "It happened to coincide with the arrival in England . . . . . of Botha, de Wet, and Delarey. As they came up the Solent in the early morning of August 16 they passed the . . . . . long lines of warships, a whole world of the power of England that they had hardly come in contact with at all." They were invited to see the review. They refused. History repeats itself. The representatives of South Africa will view the Fleet with very different feelings this year and be glad to take note of its still effective power. History repeats itself. At the end of July, 1914, "the lucky chance that our fleets were all in being for the King's review and in position to be ordered to stations in the North Sea . . . was estimated as a happy release from anxiety in a disturbed world." A little later it was estimated as a crowning mercy. The years roll by. On July 16 His Majesty, flying his flag on the Royal yacht, will pass down an avenue five miles long from No Man's Land fort to Lee-on-Solent pier, a salt-sea Mall grand-standed with huge liners and "lined" with over 150 war vessels, from the latest designs to old and storied favourites, from the new sloop *Indus*, built for the Indian navy, to the oldest battleship. Behind His Majesty will dip her nose the old *Enchantress*, the Admiralty yacht which has proved the grave of the rough-weather reputations of a score of First Lords. Then on July 17 the King may transfer his flag to H.M.S. *Nelson*, flag ship of the Home Fleet, and lead his fleet to sea for exercises to last two days. And then—we cannot pray that history will always repeat itself—the great massing of British sea-power will be dispersed to normal stations.



JUBILEE PRICES: This stand has been erected at the entrance of the church of St. Mary le Strand and will provide its occupants with an excellent view of the procession to St. Paul's on May 6. The cost of seats ranges between 4 guineas and 12 guineas, but in spite of this there has been a big demand

PREPARING FOR T
stands in the Gre
Silver Jubilee p
elms have be

MASKING THE FACE OF LONDON.

—The face of London by day (as opposed to night when illuminations and flood-lighting would make fairyland a certainty even in Clapham) is to be far more amusing and attractive than I expected, during the great days of celebration. Certain fairly modern atrocities of architecture on the Royal route are to be veiled in painted canvas, as being too hideous for the occasion. Since this rare mood of humility is on us, it affords an interesting chance of finding out what buildings are by general opinion condemned as most monstrous, and what past tastes in architecture are chosen to camouflage them. The classic genius of ancient Greece will be called in, and scenes of English architecture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries will veil the lamentable railway bridge at Ludgate Circus which forms a frame for St. Paul's Cathedral. Why must these coverings be of canvas and perishable? We shall all be more than ever heartbroken when the days of rejoicing and carnival come to an end and we must return to stark reality.

A TIDY COUNTRYSIDE.—

I appreciated the gentle launching by the Bristol Kyrle Society in *The Times* of one more campaign to reduce litter and spoliation in the country districts. Of all our national propaganda campaigns, this one has so far achieved least results. It seems sometimes that no progress has been made, and that we have not scratched the surface of public conscience. That tidiness out of doors (as opposed to in the home) is entirely a matter of education is proved. The habit of (quite innocently) throwing down cartons, newspapers, orange wrappers and so forth is as widespread and persistent among the youth of the lower classes as ever it was. Let any country dweller stand all the morning outside his own back gate and he will find that hardly a delivery boy leaves it without depositing (not in malice but thoughtlessness) a souvenir of his visit in the way of a cigarette carton, card, fruit wrapper, or paper bag. After years of mild propaganda the youthful mind is still innocently virgin of the seed of the great idea, namely, that it is selfish, tasteless, and vile to desecrate the countryside with the relics of commerce. In their own homes these boys and their parents may and often do carry tidiness and neatness to noble lengths from pride of home. What education and propaganda have hitherto utterly failed to inculcate in their minds is the truth that Nature is beautiful and that the relics of commerce are unsightly; that, in a word, Nature is the universal Mother, lovely, and worthy of our most intense respect; and that the spoliation of the countryside and the depositing of litter are precisely the same nameless crimes as robbing a human mother or throwing filth in her face. That I believe to be the right line for education to take to deal with the problem—to inculcate respect for Nature and to point out the beauty of Nature. Propaganda is very helpful, no doubt, in Press and radio and every means to secure it should be taken, and here the methods of enforcing the lesson may be rougher. Indeed I favour a little polite blackmail by country dwellers. A morning might well be usefully spent on a round of visits to one's tradesmen warning them to instruct their delivery boys not to deposit litter outside their customers' doors on

pain of loss of custom. There is no time like the present. It is Jubilee year. While we put our hands in our pockets to support the Jubilee Trust to help the nation's youth, let us seek every means to educate their taste in their use of Nature and the countryside. What a noble and permanent Jubilee memorial would be a marked improvement during 1935 in this hideous, if minor, social evil.

AMERICA AND CRIME.—I have been taken to task by an editor of a leading American journal for exaggerating the crime problem in the States, and in particular for a phrase, "America to-day lies at the mercy of criminals." He asks me if I have ever been in America. Yes, I have; though not so recently as I could wish. Still, quite recently enough to realize what a high proportion of American citizens live out their lives in profound (and even boring) peace, strangers to gangsters, racketeers, and blood-and-thunder, and strangers, I think, also to the troubled and anxious lives of less fortunate countries. I *am* aware that the crime problem of the States is concentrated largely in certain sections of certain great cities in America. But when my American Editor critic protests that as a fact a majority of the police departments in the States are not corrupted, and that political bias does not everywhere interfere with State functions of justice and crime prevention, he does not give an overwhelming quietus to the "vulgar rumour" that America possesses a serious crime problem. If even a smallish minority are corrupt, there is surely an Augean stable to be cleansed. But the point I would chiefly make to my Editor critic strikes nearer home. It is this: all my information concerning the internal and social condition of America is derived from clippings from what are judged the most reliable journals in the States (not excluding many clippings from his own paper). Therefore it seems to me that the cure for vulgar rumour or inaccuracy concerning America's social problems lies in curbing the exuberance, the exaggeration, the sensationalism, of some of the American journals. For such matters, though America's own private domestic problem, are not without interest and even anxiety to civilisation, and we cannot choose but regard them as topical and of news value. We cannot afford to cross the Atlantic twice a year in search of reliable information. We ask therefore to be directed to a reliable source of information in current American journalism. I do not doubt there is a wealth of authority, and I ask my Editor to indicate to me how I may improve my unfortunate choice of authorities which, with chapter and verse, have led me into these cardinal errors and given a wrong impression of what perhaps is but a minor trouble.

GRAVE NEWS FOR BRITISH GOLF.—Grave news has come in (via Toronto) from our secret service agents in America. It tells of a new poison gas shell being prepared by American sportsmen with which to smash up Britain in the "Open" this year. I cannot do better than append the actual report of our Super-Spy which cost me (I needn't say) a huge sum of money to secure:

> Science has made a new discovery. And the result is one of the most revolutionary golf balls ever developed. It's entirely different from any other golf ball you've ever hit or ever seen. It has a special liquid centre that contains *dry ice!*
>
> If you don't know what this means we'll tell you. Dry ice is so powerful in its action that just a tiny pellet dropped into the muzzle of a miniature cannon will blow a cork clear across a room! And the same little piece of dry ice will repeat this performance time after time.
>
> You see, dry ice turns into carbon dioxide gas. And in the new —— ball this gas "pumps up" the liquid centre. It's not only resilient but super-resilient. Consequently, the ball is longer in flight. And the strong outward pressure that creates this super resilience keeps the "centre" absolutely true—and in the exact centre—always.
>
> But just *try* one of these new —— Dry Ice Centre Balls. You'll find that here, at last, is a ball that has both distance and accuracy packed away beneath one of the most durable covers ever made. Price, 75c. each.

Say, Bo, can you beat it? If you cannot, by all means adopt the advice of the —— Company, and write for a free booklet. But I thought those United States had set their faces against poison gas in international warfare.

"100-YEARS AGO" BALLS.—It may amuse the promoters of the "100-years ago" ball which is to take place on April 30, to read the subjoined *dramatis personae* of an earlier effort—very old history to the young, not so old to those who took part in it.

VICTORIAN DAYS

The Palmerston procession will represent persons who were present at the Coronation as follows:—

At the Coronation	Represented by
Countess Cowper	Hon. Edith Smith
Lady Ashley	Lady Mary Ashley
Lady Fanny Cowper	Marchioness of Hartington
Countess of Kerry	Lady Kitty Vincent
Duchess of Richmond	Lady Barbara Bingham
Countess of Carlisle	Countess of Carlisle
Countess Granville	Miss Alix Cavendish
Lady Beauvale	Lady Beatrice Ormsby-Gore
Mrs. George Lamb	Lady Helen Brocklehurst
Countess de Flahault	Lady Rachel Cavendish
Lord Ashley	Lord Ashley
Duke of Devonshire	Marquess of Hartington
Lord Melbourne	Lord David Cecil
Earl Cowper	Hon. W. Ormsby-Gore
Hon. Charles Gore	Mr. John Gore
Viscount Palmerston	Mr. J. Balfour
Lord Bingham	Mr. Eustace Hoare
Comte de Flahault	Mr. Henry Channon
Lord Beauvale	Mr. Edmonstone
Viscount Jocelyn	Hon. Bruce Ogilvy
Lord Jersey	Mr. Menzies

"THE HIGH TOPS OF BLACK MOUNT."—Nearly thirty years after the publication of Lady Breadalbane's little "classic"—I recall its publication in 1907 perfectly well and got a copy on my way to Scotland that autumn—Lord Greville and her other executors decided to republish *The High Tops*. The book ran into two impressions in 1907—none since. But I fancy the second printing must have been a biggish one, for there are few libraries in Scotland or indeed belonging to sportsmen and open-air lovers generally which have not a copy. It must be a rare thing—this republication of an "amateur's" solitary effort. In the lapse of a generation, it is almost a "rescue," rather than a reprint. Except that, as I have said, it is a book which, even if out of print and unobtainable, is, like the Homeric legends of old, handed down from father to son by word of mouth, and bandied about from tongue to ear. Therein lies the rarity of the case of *The High Tops*. Everybody has heard of it, and many people who never read it know what's in it. Now they can again buy a copy. You will be wise to do so, for a little classic it is, and it wears well. Indeed, the more we grow suburbanised, the more we queue up, the more rare and precious such books will become.

TWO WAYS WITH THE BULL.—The Easter Holiday afforded plenty of time for sober reflection between "bright intervals," and the theme of my reflections, which were as sombre as the showers, was the riddle of Stresa and its aftermath—the League's note to Germany. At first blush, it seemed to be the work of lunatics—that elaborate wooing of the reluctant lover and bringing him at last to his knees again, only to deliver a swift kick to the pants. One's first thought was to suspect French influence. But the French are distinguished as the race par excellence logical. And no one influenced by logic could willy-nilly condone the re-arming of Germany in breach of treaty obligations (for no better reason than because no effective sanction exists to punish that breach); and then in the same breath to threaten the next breach of treaty obligations with effective sanctions. One has to remember that the Stresa Great Powers are only units in the League, units having but the same representation and authority in its councils as the smaller constituents, and that the decisions of Stresa and of the League are totally distinct. It is just a misfortune that the decisions of Stresa were completely undone by the League's note. The League acted "for the principle of the thing"—it could do no less; and the fact that even those units in the League which are most in love or most in fear of Germany, lent their names to the Note, proves that that "principle" appeared to all of them strong and clear and of the very essence of the League contract and spirit. The League then acted from principle, the Stresa Powers may be said to have acted, from the best motives no doubt, from expediency. The roads of principle and expediency usually branch off—and they have done so on this occasion. The Stresa Powers appear in the role of the cowardly boy in the bull's field, the League as the brave boy. The cowardly boy cried "don't annoy him"; the brave boy pulled out a red handkerchief. And now the bull is very angry. *Habit fœnum in cornu*. And Stresa seems rather a waste of time and energy, (unless it had its undisclosed secrets hidden in the bad old ways of diplomacy).

THE OLD STAGER.

GREAT DAY: To enable occupants of Park to obtain a clear view of the cession along Piccadilly two ancient pulled down and sawn up on the spot

A fine action picture taken at the Household Brigade Steeplechase meeting at Hawthorn Hill. This particular race was won by the favourite, Mr. G. Gilbey's Fairy Prince

ALL TOGETHER AT THE FIRST FENCE

LUXURY AND SPEED AFLOAT: Different types of high-speed craft giving a demonstration in Southampton Water on the opening day of the Power-boat Exhibition which is being held at Hythe, near Southampton. All the models on view have been designed by Mr. Hubert Scott-Paine, and they range from luxury cruising vessels costing as much as £2,500 to "runabouts" that may be obtained for little over £100

SOUTH AFRICA'S DAVIS CUP TEAM IN ENGLAND: M. Bertram, J. Hendrie, Norman Farquharson, and Vernon Kirby, seen on arrival at Southampton this week on the *Arundel Castle*. They are a fairly strong combination and might produce a surprise. Both Farquharson and Kirby have a reputation as giant killers, and when in form are capable of beating any player in the world. They fail somewhat, however, on the score of consistency

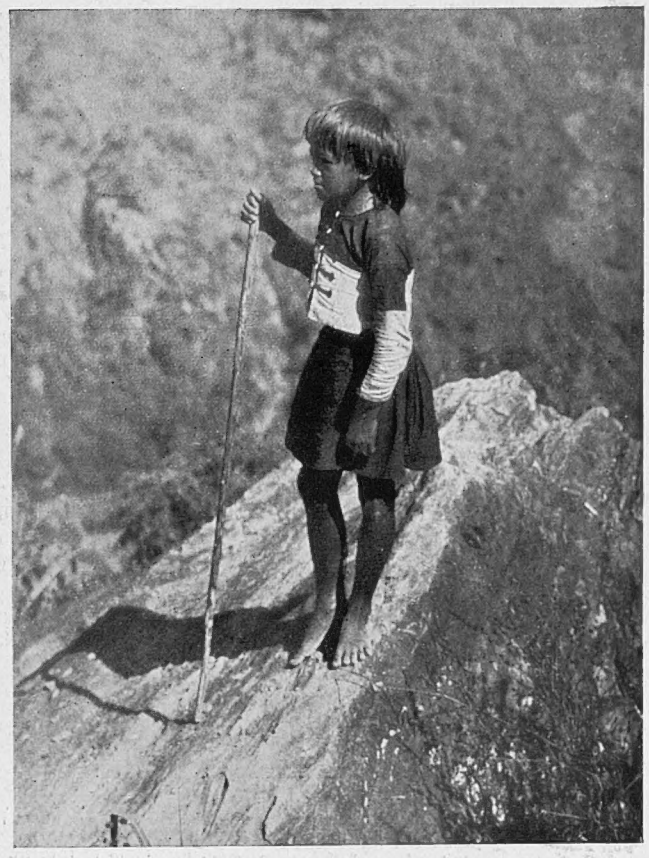
THE ARCHDUKE ALBRECHT OF AUSTRIA who is entertaining Lord Burghley, Lord Clydesdale, and four other M.P.s at his home in Hungary. He owns extensive estates

SAVING A FORTNIGHT: Mr. W. Gray (*left*) and Dr. G. M. Lees (*centre*) who are the first two passengers to make a "through booking" on the England-Australia air mail service. They are geologists and are going out to investigate the oil resources of the Commonwealth

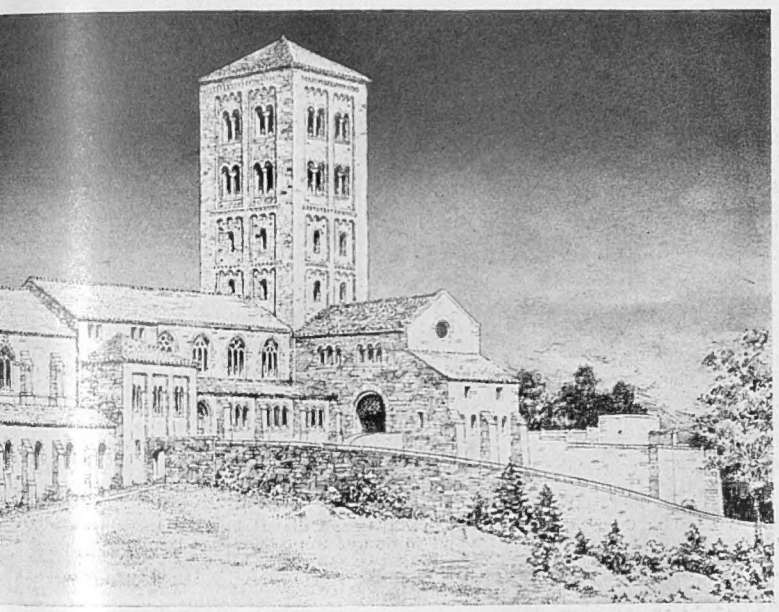
ADMITTED TO THE FRANCHISE: Princess Juliana (*left*), who is now over twenty-five, the age at which she is entitled to a vote, seen leaving a polling station at the Hague during the recent Dutch elections

THE SEPARATIST: President de Valera standing beside the memorial statue which he unveiled last Sunday at the General Post Office, Dublin, on the nineteenth anniversary of the Irish Easter revolt. On the pedestal is a violently anti-British inscription which alludes to the English as foreigners

From All Quarters



ON THE ISLE OF TRAGEDY: Two pictures taken recently in Formosa, the Japanese island which has been devastated by an earthquake comparable to that which overwhelmed Tokyo some years ago. Over 2,490 people are known to be dead, 5,770 have been injured, 23,000 houses have been either destroyed or damaged, and railways and telegraph lines have been put out of action. The view on the left shows the picturesque nature of the country in the mountainous hinterland, the home of primitive tribesmen who are said to be still headhunters. On the right is a native girl



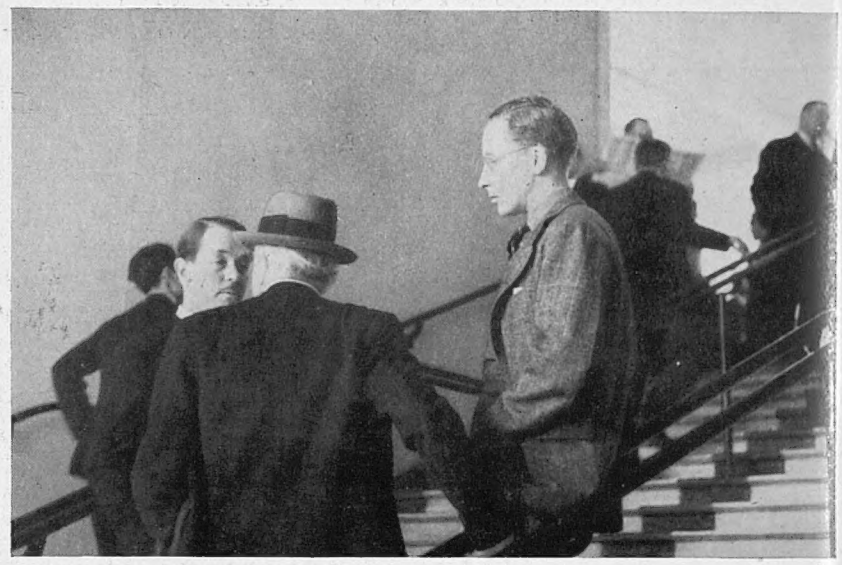
AN AMERICAN TREASURE HOUSE: This building, which is to be known as the Cuxa Cloisters, is being erected in the Washington Heights District of New York, and will house the valuable collection of fifteenth-century tapestries presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jnr. On page 148 of this issue there is another view of the Cloisters, but this is only taken from a model—a fact with which we were acquainted only after that particular section of the paper had gone to press

FRANCE HONOURS ITALY'S WAR DEAD: M. de Chambrun, the French Ambassador in Rome, addressing the 2,000 French ex-Servicemen who visited Rome during the Easter holidays. The men were introduced to the King of Italy, and placed a wreath and a medal on the tomb of the Italian Unknown Warrior. They also made a sightseeing tour of the city

BACK FROM SCHOOL: Princess Shigeko, daughter of the Emperor of Japan, seen with her nurse at Tokyo Station before leaving to spend her holidays at the Imperial villa at Numazu, an estate, near the slopes of Mount Fuji, which is famed for the abundance of its peach blossom. The Princess is nine years old and has two sisters, aged five and four, and a brother who was born in December, 1933

GENEVA CAMEOS

THE NAZIS INDICTED: Sir John Simon, Britain's Foreign Secretary, signing official documents after the recent meeting at Geneva, at which thirteen out of fourteen States represented on the League Council condemned Germany's repudiation of the military restrictions placed on her by the Treaty of Versailles. It is understood that half an hour before the vote was taken a telephone call came through from the Wilhelmstrasse indicating that Chancellor Hitler would decline to enter into any form of international negotiations if the resolution were adopted



AT THE INTERNATIONAL CROSS-ROADS: Pictures taken during the recent meeting of the League Council at Geneva. *Left*—Spanish diplomats discussing the morning session. On the left of the group is the Spanish Minister at Berne. *Right*—Journalists interviewing a delegate on the stairs leading to one of the conference rooms

RUMANIA'S "ROBIN HOOD": Two pictures of George Goriu, the bandit who for several months preceding his capture held undisputed sway over the northern part of the province of Moldavia. He has organised countless hold-ups but is regarded more as a national hero than as a public enemy, as he has gone from town to town robbing the rich and giving to the poor. On the left he is seen preparing the speech which he delivered when representatives of a newsreel company visited him in gaol, while the picture on the right shows him standing before the microphone with a guard on either side

Return of the Duke and Duchess of Kent

Their Royal Highnesses go to See Their New Home in Belgrave Square Immediately After Their Arrival

HOME AGAIN: The Duchess seen at Croydon Aerodrome last week after leaving the airliner which had brought her over from Paris where she had spent the last few days of her honeymoon. She was wearing one of the new off-the-face hats—a style that suits her to perfection

On right—A VISIT OF INSPECTION: The Duke and Duchess leaving No. 3 Belgrave Square on the afternoon of their return from Paris. They are not taking up residence for some time yet as they will be shortly going to Holyroodhouse, Edinburgh, where His Royal Highness will hold court in his capacity as High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland

BALLET ON THE ICE

Specially drawn for "The Sphere"

"THE VEILING OF THE SUN": An artistic impression by Hookway Cowles of the magnificent ballet produced by Howard Nicholson at the Westminster Ice Club on April 17 when the final gala performance of the season was presented in the presence of an enthusiastic audience. The symbolic cloud of blue silk was supported by Miss Elizabeth Miller, Miss Daphne Wallis, Miss Kay Watkins, and Mrs. Ernst Hartung, while the orange sun was carried by Mrs. George Harris. The general impression was extremely colourful, and the graceful movements of those taking part contributed to a spectacle that entranced all who were fortunate enough to witness it

"THE SPHERE'S" TWO SPECIAL SILVER JUBILEE NUMBERS

May 4 — A Pictorial Record of the Twenty-five Years of His Majesty's Reign

Whenever events of more than ordinary national importance have taken place *The Sphere* has always striven to present to its readers a faithful and comprehensive record, sparing neither energy nor expense in preparing issues worthy of the occasion. To mark the forthcoming Silver Jubilee celebrations, *The Sphere* will produce two special 2s. numbers. The first, which is to be published on May 4, will take the form of a record of the King's reign from May 6, 1910, to the present day, and will contain the life story of His Majesty illustrated with a host of pictures, and with drawings by Mr. Fortunino Matania, England's leading black-and-white artist. In addition there will be numerous pages in colours showing notable personalities of the

(Continued in next column)

A WORTHY PRELUDE TO A PAGEANT OF COLOUR: Mr. Millar Watt's design for the cover in which the first of "The Sphere's" two Silver Jubilee issues will be bound

May 11—A Double Issue Illustrating the Events of the First Week of Celebrations

reign, members of the Royal Family at varying ages, and interior and exterior views of Buckingham Palace specially painted for the issue. A separate plate-portrait of His Majesty will be included. The second number, which is to be published on May 11, will form a complete record of the actual ceremonies that are to take place in the first week of the celebrations, culminating in the great Thanksgiving Service in St. Paul's. Mr. Fortunino Matania, R.I., will illustrate some of the more outstanding incidents, and he will be supported by a band of distinguished artists specially selected to portray the pageantry of the processions to and from the Cathedral. There will also be a magnificent section in full colours, and the whole issue will be bound in a striking cover in silver.

LEAVING THE NEST: The stork reveals its magnificent wing spread as it takes off from its rudely-built roof-top dwelling. These birds, which are found largely in Germany and Holland, arrive from Africa in spring and usually establish themselves in the same nests year after year. *On right*—A magnificent study of a stork in full flight when its speed and grace are in marked contrast to its slow and measured movements on the ground

The Stork in Flight

Two Pictures from Germany, where these Migrants have just Arrived for their Summer Stay

b

THE LAST OF THE TOTEM POLES

How the Canadian Government is Restoring the Indian Monuments in the Skeena River District of Northern British Columbia

BY JAMES MONTAGNES

AN INDIAN VILLAGE ON THE SKEENA RIVER: A picture showing some of the last surviving totem poles which of recent years have been allowed by the natives to fall into decay but which the Canadian Government is now preserving

DEFYING DECAY: An Indian of Kitwanga re-setting a totem pole in a cement base. The wood itself has been treated with a preparation for preserving it against the weather

IN a few Indian villages on the west coast of Canada and the lower part of Alaska, totem poles shine again. These weirdly carved monuments to the social standing and achievements of a dying race of Indians are no longer being raided for museums and parks in distant cities, but are being restored and preserved in their original settings through the latest scientific means by both the United States and Canadian Governments.

The larger of the totem poles range over 60 ft. in height, and like all poles were carved from single trees. To preserve them they have been taken down by Government scientists, have been treated and strengthened where necessary before being raised again. Indians familiar with the colouring used on the poles have repainted numbers of them, another means of preserving these last monuments to the dead, some of which date back over a hundred years.

Many of the totem poles now standing would have decayed had they not been treated, as the Indians seldom repaired poles which fell down. Such repairs and re-erecting would have necessitated as ceremonious customs as the original erection of the pole. Therefore they were allowed to decay on the ground, and sometimes even cut up for firewood. As the natives moved from their old primitive homes to more modern dwellings in recent years, their totem poles were left neglected, and only the action of the Government has preserved these heraldic emblems.

In deserted Indian villages and graveyards other weirdly-carved poles have been found in recent years. Totem poles alone did not constitute all the carving of these western Indians, and often doorposts, archways, and house supports were carved with symbolical emblems of animals and departed natives.

Every totem pole has a story, and the deciphering of these emblems has been a difficult task, as the old folk who were once engaged in carving the poles have nearly all died. Each pole told the story of the departed Indian and that of his ancestors by means of symbols, just as the nobility of Europe has its history on its coats-of-arms or other heraldic devices.

On the upper Skeena River, in northern British Columbia, is to be seen in eight small villages the last intact collection of totem poles, towering from fifteen to sixty feet high in groups of a few to as many as thirty. In long rows along the waterfront stand these weirdly-carved poles, once the pride of the natives.

Their houses still stand as do their totem poles. But to-day few of the villages are inhabited. In summer their descendants smoke salmon in their paternal homes, the smoke rising high above the totems.

When a pole was to be erected to serve as a monument to a departed chief, contributions were received from all members of the family, no matter how distant. The event would take place at the induction of the new chief or head of the family, the nephew of the one commemorated.

No one in the family could partake of any of the manual work in connection with the procuring of the tree from which the pole was to be cut. This was done by strangers or members of another family living in the same clan. The carving was done by a specially appointed relative on the father's side of the deceased. When the pole was completed and ready for carving, it was raised with elaborate ceremonials at which many relatives were present.

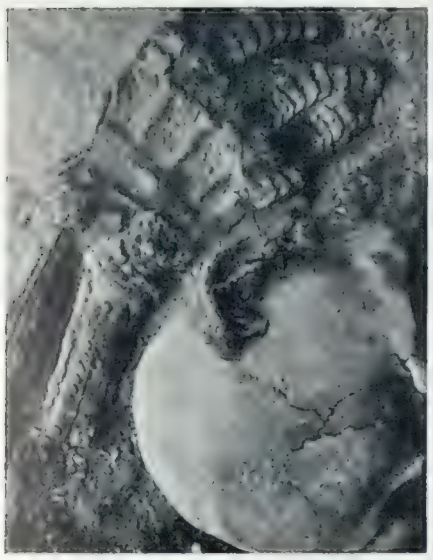
FAMILY SYMBOLS: *Left*—Painting an animal carving before replacing it in position at the top of a totem pole. *Right*—A representation of a wolf with one of its broken paws mended with a strip of iron

IRON ARMOUR of the SWEDES

Fourteenth-Century Accoutrements Discovered at Visby on the Island of Gotland

A RARE MEDIEVAL RELIC: A glove, constructed of 158 small parts, which was among the principal finds made recently at Visby on the site of the old battleground where, in the middle of the 14th century, King Valdemar Atterdag of Denmark fought against the Islanders

SURVIVAL OF THE CENTURIES: One of the most complete suits of armour discovered at Visby, which is so weighty that it could only be worn by a man of extraordinary strength. It is decidedly primitive in design and the armourer who made it appears to have concentrated on providing a solid unyielding defence without employing any of the refinements which were introduced into Scandinavia at a later date



Above on left—GRIM REMINDER OF A STRUGGLE OF LONG AGO: The iron glove, which is illustrated in reconstructed form at the top of the page, photographed with the cracked skull beside which it was found. *Above*—Piecing together on a dummy sections of armour found in the excavations. As the parts were widely scattered it is only by trial and error that they can be put together in their original form

Left—A SUIT FOR COVERING THE UPPER PART OF THE BODY ONLY: Very few examples of this 14th century work are now extant, as in those days fashions in armour changed rapidly and, for economy's sake, the knights melted down their out-of-date gear and had it re-made

A WEIGHTY CORSELET: Another piece of armour which has been reconstructed from a number of fragments

FRANCE ON HER GOLDEN PERCH

How Further Adherence to the Gold Standard can only Bring her Injury

THE GOLDEN FETISH: The obverse and reverse of one of the 100-franc gold pieces which are now being struck at the French Mint in increasing quantities

IF a French citizen called at the Bank of France and asked for gold in exchange for notes, the reply would come: "Certainly. But not less than £3,000 worth and in lingot. No coin." Did the applicant enquire, "why no coin?" a supplementary answer would be, "in order to prevent hoarding."

The foregoing may be read in conjunction with the Finance Minister's striking of the first new 100-franc gold piece. On the one hand the Government argues that these treasures from another age are unlikely to be hoarded when—*when*—they are put in circulation; on the other, the national monetary institution will not let you have a golden coin of any kind lest you stow it away. The flat contradiction is typical of the muddle France is in over her currency.

There is good reason for the bank's attitude. Of the total fiduciary issue of 81½ billion francs, no less than 47¼ billion are in thousand-franc notes, customary token for tucking away in safes. Only a small fraction of these mille notes are believed to be in circulation. Add the further large hoarding of lesser notes and of louis d'or that have never been yielded up, and one begins to understand the plaint that only a particle of the wealth of the country is in current circulation to meet the daily needs of a nation of 40,000,000.

Howbeit, M. Flandin asserts the intention to mint £17,000,000 of the new coins this year, and that the process shall continue until enough have been struck—around 1940—to warrant their being put into circulation. Thus shall the world learn to appreciate that whatever *it* may do with its currencies France intends to remain wedded to its present gold standard, that even if Holland and Switzerland quit, France is prepared to carry on all alone, last refuge of "healthy money" amid a surrounding sea of trickery and taint.

C'est magnifique, yet an initial correction imposes itself with regard to the Gallic self-delusion, or piece of conscious Coué-ism, that the franc is pure as the Matterhorn tip by the side of other currencies. This attempted stigmatising of others, with their "unhealthy" moneys, is only justified in one or two cases and the French are the last people who should prefer the charge. Actually, the present haughty franc is twice as unhealthy as the £, did we go by depreciation. There are only two countries left that may talk about the health of currencies and they are unlikely to be able to continue doing so much longer. Holland and Switzerland are still on the gold parity of 1914. Everyone else has slid this way and that off the rigid fetish which no longer corresponds to the requirements of a civilization wherein immeasurably more people are going to claim and get more from life than ever in the past. Here is the tale:—

Country	*Depreciation per cent.*	*Country*	*Depreciation per cent.*
Belgium	100	Japan	67
Argentina	99.5	Spain	58
Rumania	97	Denmark	53
Greece	97	Norway	47
Czechoslovakia	95	Sweden	46
Yugoslavia	93	Britain	41.6
France	80	United States	40
Italy	74		

Germany is not included on account of her high jinks whose latest manifestation bears the suggestion of the notorious assignat. She is heading for another national bankruptcy, failing great booty from a war, but one bankruptcy more or less hardly matters her way. Hitler is meeting his enormous re-arming expenditure by the issue of Treasury bills guaranteed on future labour (Arbeitsbeschaffungswechsel) which are discounted by the State banks, especially the Reichsbank, when the Treasury is credited in current account. The policy is wholly one of concealed inflation and drawing on the future and the operation can be repeated again and again, as it was in the war. Already nearly 5 billion marks—all kinds of marks, "effekte sperrmarks," "noten sperrmarks," "kreditsperrmarks," "registermarks und scrips"—have been taken from the conjuror's hat by Herr Schacht since he began conjuring for the Nazis. But this is getting rather far from France's last stand.

This is likely to be highly dramatic in parts and well worth watching. The fact that the result is already certain only enhances the drama. "Men battling with their fate." No, hardly that. France battling with the problem of her preponderant rentier class and with the psychological aspect: fear and horror of another inflation did she devalue again. The Government depends so completely on the rentier for the raising of ever more imperative loans that it thus far prefers to brave the anger of industry and commerce rather than further reduce the gold content of the franc. The Government fears another flight from the national currency did it even show signs of flirting with M. Paul-Reynaud's policy of a franc at 100 to the £ (about its proper value, or 105; it may be recalled that in November I tipped the Belgian franc to be 150 to the £ in a few months, the figure turning out at 143.50).

The sad and inescapable fact endures that the French know little patriotism where their money is concerned. The sad fact also endures that they are not being helped one little bit to behave more sensibly by their newspapers. I have wads of these here, the "more serious ones," reviews. Hardly one but continues to distort the picture with regard to foreign countries that have rearranged their currencies. The plain fact that not one single country that has devalued, using the new technique, has regretted it, is avoided like the peste. Yet there is the width of heaven between such chaotic and

By
FERDINAND TUOHY

frightening monetary experience as the wholly uninstructed French entered upon in 1919, and which came to a climax seven years later, and the calm, deliberate, strictly-limited devaluation of 1935, produced by crisis, true enough, but expertly worked out on the global national economy of the moment: price levels, cost-of-living figures, wage rates and similar indices which it is necessary to weigh and assess before a rate in equilibrium with those factors in other currencies can be reached. The French are still being persuaded to think of a modification of the franc only in terms of panic and rocketing prices following on an operation carried out, as in the past, without the faintest braking or controlling of Bourses, speculation, exodus of capital, during the first critical hours and days.

They are not being told that internal prices can be kept from rising in the wake of a devaluation by disciplined common-sense; if the people have a will that way and faith in their currency—to cite our own classic instance of domestic prices actually falling following a 40 per cent. devaluing of the £. The chief thing calculated to lessen internal purchasing power is excessive acquisition of foreign raw materials and products, and the Republic can notoriously be the second most self-contained land in Europe. Little is heard on such score. The propaganda seems nine-tenths on the other side. Scant mention of the ordered Czech devaluation of a year ago, with several of the desired consequences. Instead, the French are regaled with pæans anent their unassailable banking strength "so unlike Belgium's." Articles depicting the magic services of the Bank of France — 80,000 bills for discount descending on it every morning from the ends of the earth —are "featured." The Belgian experience is tossed aside with the thinnest of good wishes. "We wish them luck, but, of course . . ." The devaluation issue is turned into a political dog-fight between Right and Left. The Press could hardly more effectively range French citizens on two sides—the rentiers, those on fixed salaries, the "petits épargnants," the pensioned, confronting the millions of smitten industry and commerce, of the smitten cities, of smitten wine, silk, resorts, everything. Few countries give such an impression of standstill as contemporary France.

All this golden propaganda and suppression or doctoring of fact will retard the eventual day of reckoning, as should, also, the temporary boomlet in several quarters consequent on the new re-arming measures and expansion of conscription. But the writing is unmistakably on the wall. The country shows all the premonitory symptoms leading up to an imposed reduction in the gold content of the currency. The French banking system may be as strong as Gibraltar; so was ours in 1931.

The spectacle is one of relentless economic deterioration moving parallel with rising budgetary demands. Everyone is painfully aware that the Budget is only balanced on paper, that it hypothecates a taxation prospect quite unlikely to develop, and that it is being still further unbalanced progressively with each fresh and massive demand from the armed forces. The present deficit may be up to £100,000,000. The official cure, the only one on the tapis—which it has held so long—is the apparently unrealisable further compression of expenditure.

Taking 1931 as the coefficient 100, the wholesale price level has fallen to 73 and is still sinking. On the same reading, the index of industrial production has also receded to approximately 73. In engineering, it has fallen to 68; in motor-car production, to 66; while in building, sure sign of health, and staple industry beginning to flourish again in the non-gold lands, the decline has been precipitous—from 130 to 78. In those other national stand-bys, iron, steel, coal, textiles, the tale is a hardly less sorrowful one.

Turning to trade, the gravity of the adverse commercial balance stands revealed. France's import trade has fallen in four years from 3½ to less than 2 billion francs. In the same period, her exports have declined by over a billion francs—from about 2½ to 1½ billion francs.

On the Bourse, the index of industrial share values has fallen from 305 to 185.

Bankruptcies average 900 a day in Paris.

Most serious of all, unemployment is mounting with emphatic rhythm. Ten per cent. of industrial workers are wholly out, while quite 50 per cent. of the remainder are working part time only. There are now 600,000 recognised unemployed, receiving relief, compared with 50,000 in 1931. Actually there are far, far more without work, possibly over 2,000,000. Unemployment is very considerably ignored under French statute. As explained in a recent article, this aspect is worsened by the presence of some 800,000 imported aliens on the greatly restricted labour market.

And then, over all, there is that grim hoarding hand, paramount weakness. The grasping hand no longer fits the glove of to-day.

Viewed objectively and paying heed to lessons dearly learnt, it is well-nigh impossible to espy a bright spot or prospect as long as the franc remains nearly 30 per cent. over-valued as at present. All the stock "remedies" which failing countries progressively have recourse to—"economies," dismissals, tariffs, quotas, subsidies—are already in operation. Little more to look for in those quarters. Most things are being run at a steady

(Continued on p. 164)

THE DESIGNER OF THE FRENCH GOLD COINAGE: M. Lucien Bazor examining a piece struck at the Mint. Seventeen million pounds' worth of these are to be produced this year

A "Sphere" Survey

News from France, Italy, Rumania, and the United States

TROUBLE IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL: Unemployed in the cars in which they drove through Paris during the recent demonstration staged to demand the institution of a 40-hour week and to protest against men being allowed to hold more than one job. The police intervened, fearing a riot, and a number of those who took part were brought before the magistrates

MILITARY-MINDED ITALY: Every able-bodied youth born in 1914 has now been called up to swell the ever-growing ranks of the army, which is now one of the most formidable in Europe. A party of conscripts, carrying a picture of Signor Mussolini, are seen in this picture marching through the streets of Rome on the way to their barracks

ESCAPADE OF A CROWN PRINCE: Prince Michael of Rumania (foreground) taking part in a cross-country hike after he had broken bounds from school with some of his comrades and joined a party of scouts camping outside Bucharest. His absence caused great concern in the Palace

A SPECTACULAR BLAZE IN NEW YORK: These huge blocks of flats, which were nearing completion in Shore Road, were recently involved in a serious fire that attracted vast crowds to the spot. The outbreak was not got under control for several hours and not before considerable damage had been done

London Life of Yesterday

Street Scenes in Late Victorian and Edwardian Times

IN LONDON'S THROBBING HEART: A 'bus passing round Eros—a picture taken in Piccadilly Circus in 1906, and one of a highly interesting series sent to us by a correspondent. The poster advertises the play, *The Beauty of Bath*, in which Seymour Hicks and his wife, Ellaline Terriss, appeared at the newly-built Aldwych Theatre and scored one of their usual successes

Above—WAYSIDE REFRESHMENT: A youth enjoys a halfpenny glass of sherbet and water, sold by a vendor in Cheapside on a hot summer's afternoon. At this time bowlers, toppers, and boaters reigned supreme and men had not yet adopted the now ubiquitous soft hat

"A PENNY A BALL—HIT TWO PEGS" show on the road outside Battersea Park can be seen Chelsea Bridge

On right—PERAMBULATION IN THE PARK: An entertaining fashion study of Edwardian days

CHARING CROSS 'BUS-STOP IN 1900: A reminder of a more leisured age before the motor car had replaced the horse-drawn vehicle, revolutionizing transport and resulting in never-dreamt-of congestion. The buildings shown in the background have not changed at all, in spite of the many improvements that have been made in the Strand

AND YOU GET A COCO NUT": A side-show during the Easter Fair of 1890. In the distance which is now being demolished

NEWSPAPER VENDORS AT LUDGATE CIRCUS: One of the men is selling *The Pall Mall Gazette*—the famous journal in which W. T. Stead pursued such an adventurous policy and which culminated in an anti-vice crusade that led to his imprisonment. At the beginning of the present century display bills were printed on returned copies of the paper and contained much more matter than the succinct announcements of to-day

FROM SCYLLA TO CHARYBDIS: In weather conditions such as this the pilot of an air-liner usually climbs to a height of 10,000 ft. or more in order to avoid the air disturbances near the ground. This, points out Mr. Palmer in his article on this page, not infrequently results in the passengers being affected by the altitude

THE FIRST 'PLANE TO ENTER THE VATICAN: The *St. Petrus*, which was recently built in Cologne and is to be used for missionary work, seen in the grounds of the Papal residence where it was inspected by the Pope

ITALY'S LATEST: The high-speed passenger 'plane, Savoia-Marchetti S. 74, which is to operate on the new Rome-Marseilles-Paris-London service. When running its trials the machine covered the 300 miles between Milan and Rome in 90 minutes

LINKING TWO CONTINENTS: One of the 'planes to be employed on the new air-mail service between Germany and South America

A Problem for the Air-Line Pilot

Whether to Fly High, and Risk Giving his Passengers Heart Trouble, or Ride Out the Storm

WITH the increase in the performance of passenger air-liners a tendency is growing for commercial machines to fly at greater heights to avoid bad weather.

The modern high speed air-liner can provide very rough travelling in windy weather. Whereas the older and comparatively slow types wallowed through the disturbed air the movement of modern fast machines flying at nearly 200 m.p.h. may, under certain conditions, be quite violent. The extremely rough journey which Mr. Anthony Eden experienced on his way back from Warsaw and which caused his illness is an example.

In a rough sea passengers have to "grin and bear it." Air line pilots, unlike the captain of a ship who has to ride out a storm, can often greatly reduce the discomfort of a rough trip by taking their machines up to heights of 10,000 ft. or more and thus avoid the air disturbances near the ground produced by the ground contours and clouds.

But in avoiding discomfort to passengers in rough weather by flying high the risk of the passengers being affected by height has to be faced, and passengers have sometimes complained of the unpleasant effects of height on long journeys.

A thoroughly healthy individual can perfectly well stand a height of 20,000 ft. for a short time without much ill effect, but the lack of oxygen will soon be felt. Even at lower altitudes if work of any kind has to be done or the brain has to be used an artificial supply of oxygen is desirable. Neither the muscles nor more particularly the brain can work efficiently if the lungs are starved of oxygen, and at 20,000 ft. a given volume of air contains less than half the amount of oxygen it would contain at sea level.

Even if, as a passenger, no physical effort is necessary people who easily feel the effects of lack of oxygen find themselves taking a few short breaths and then a deep gulp in an endeavour to get a full supply of oxygen into their lungs. A sensation which is not exactly pleasant.

Mountaineers, of course, are able to climb to great heights without carrying a supply of oxygen but in their case the change in height is much more gradual than in flying and the body has time to adjust itself to the reduced oxygen supply.

During the war many airmen had to fly to great heights without oxygen. The oxygen supply apparatus at that time was so heavy and cumbersome that, if a heavy load of bombs had to be carried, it reduced considerably the height which the machines could reach, an all-important factor in the aerial tactics of the moment.

At first war-time airmen felt no ill-effects at great heights from lack of oxygen except that muscular action such as swinging a gun-mounting produced exhaustion, and reasoned thought and even map-reading was impossible. The simplest thought such as counting the number of exposures made with an aerial camera seemed terribly difficult. Then in course of time the high-altitude flying produced symptoms such as nose-bleeding, violent headache, and general exhaustion after the return to earth. Often airmen had to be returned to ground duties for a prolonged rest from flying.

Admittedly, these men were flying at great heights under war conditions, but they were young men specially picked for their physical fitness. No one, however fit, is completely unaffected by reduced oxygen supply, though the majority of people would feel no ill-effects from flying at say 10,000 ft., but occasionally an individual may be affected at altitudes which, to the trained pilot, seem quite moderate.

The transport companies, however, have to cater for passengers of all ages, the fit and the unfit, and although the discomfort a passenger may feel when flying high is likely to be only temporary, it is no less important to avoid this form of discomfort than that of being tossed about near the ground.

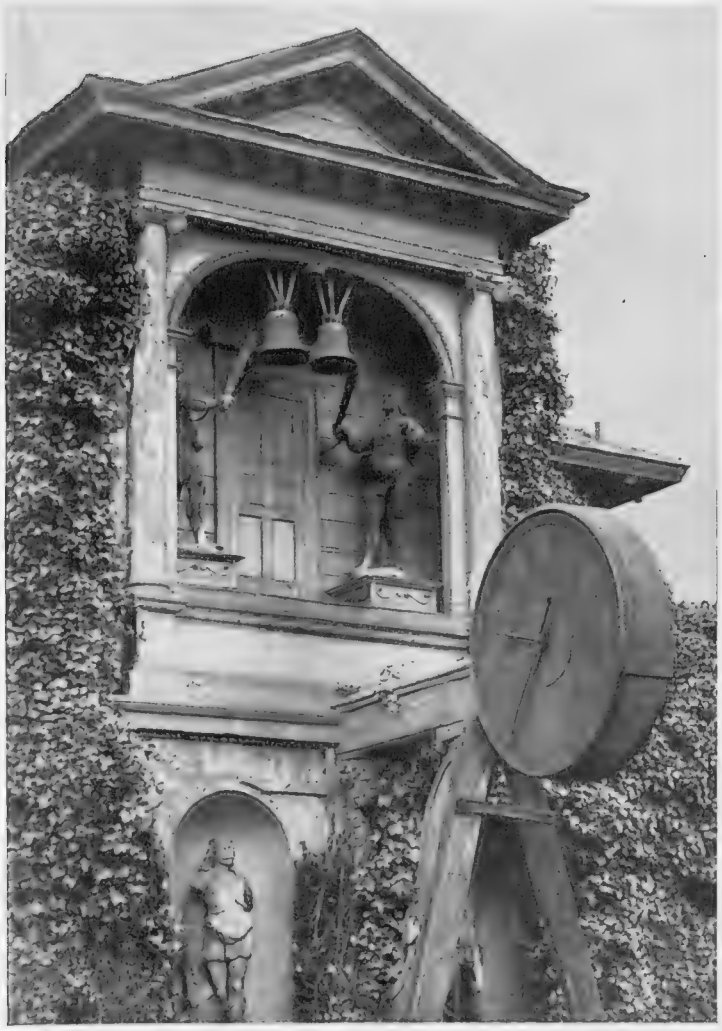
Certain air lines abroad are providing oxygen apparatus for their passengers in their new machines, and there is little doubt that soon, for long journeys at any rate, oxygen apparatus for the use of passengers will be a normal part of an air-liner's equipment.

A great deal has been written about the stratosphere, and its use in the future for high speed long-distance flying. There is no relation between commercial flying, however high, as at present practised and stratospheric flight. Tens of thousands of feet separate the stratosphere and the greatest heights of present-day commercial aviation.

While some experts predict that the long distance air-lines of the future will fly at great speeds through the stratosphere others consider that the difficulties and complications of providing pressure-tight cabins will prevent the stratosphere being used commercially. For example, Mr. Sikorsky, the famous designer of the great 32-passenger flying boats used by Pan-American Airways, read a paper before the Royal Aeronautical Society not long ago in which he expressed the latter view and gave the opinion that the flying height of the commercial air-liner of the future will be between 12,000 and 20,000 ft.

C. D. Palmer

Metropolitan and Provincial



A PRESS LORD'S SILVER JUBILEE GIFT TO FLEET STREET: This ancient clock, with its two quaint figures that strike the quarters on the bells, is to be restored to the old church of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West by Viscount Rothermere

A HORSE THAT MADE HISTORY: Coron, the first tailless thoroughbred to run under Jockey Club Rules, leaving the paddock at Worcester before the start of the Abberley Plate in which he was unplaced. He is owned by Lady Brooke and his name is a "curtailment" of that of his sire, the Derby winner, Coronach

SHORTER SOLDIERS: Army regulations issued recently fixed the minimum height for infantry at 5 ft. 2 in.—2 in. below the old minimum—and, as this picture shows, recruiting sergeants have since been busy interviewing likely "bantams." A possible reason for this change in policy is because of the lack of men of the required fitness who come up to the old standard of height

PURGE: Inspector Hawksworth of the Sheffield Police examining some of the weapons handed in by the public after the Chief Constable of the City had issued a request that all people in possession of arms should surrender them to the Police Station. It was stated at the time that no questions would be asked

WORK IN A

An Intimate

A MAN WITH A LOAD OF RESPON SIBILITY: The chief fireman making out his report on the condition of the coal face before the men are allowed to enter the mine for the next shift. Even with the best possible system of ventilation a dangerous increase in the amount of gas in the workings is apt to occur in a few hours and, therefore, the utmost vigilance must be maintained if a disaster is to be avoided. In spite of modern science, mining still remains a highly dangerous occupation

A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE: Miners taking out their lamps before descending the pit at the start of their shift. They are also handed a token which they must return after their day's work and which serves as an indication to the management as to whether all the men working underground have come to the surface

Above and on right—A BOON TO THE COLLIER: Two views of one of the latest types of coal-cutting machine, the introduction of which has done much to reduce the severity of the work of holing or kirving, one of the most arduous kinds of human labour, which consists of cutting a groove in the floor of a seam in order to leave it unsupported and so create an overhanging mass that can be easily dislodged. When this is done with a hand-pick it not only takes many minutes longer but causes infinitely more wastage. These pictures also give an idea of the constrained position in which miners have to work for hours at a stretch when at the coal face

DURHAM COAL MINE

ate Glimpse of Life Underground

SIESTA: Taking a rest after a hard day in the pit. *Circle on right*—Putting a prop in position at the coal face. Sometimes malleable iron and steel supports are used instead of timber

THEY ALSO SERVE: A pit pony arriving back in its airy underground stable after spending the day hauling trams. The conditions in which the ponies work have improved tremendously of recent years

EN FAMILLE: A collier, spick and span after taking a tub, poses for a photograph with his family in the garden and, incidentally, presents a remarkable contrast to the grimy figure which emerged from the pit an hour or so before

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF MAYFAIR: A new block of luxury flats on the site of Lansdowne House forecourt in Berkeley Square, for generations the most fashionable residential quarter in the West End of London. William Pitt, Colin Campbell, Horace Walpole, Colley Cibber, Charles James Fox, Lord Clive, and a host of other celebrities all lived here at various times

London's Flat Problem

Speculative Builders Attempt to Out-do Each Other in the Provision of Luxury Accommodation

By CHARLES GRAVES

LONDON is rapidly becoming unrecognisable. There is a tobacconist in Park Lane. It looks as though there may shortly be a petrol station there also. There is not a square in the West End which has not got at least one new block of flats. Grosvenor Square, most exclusive of all, has two, and will soon have more. It is almost impossible to walk down a street which you have not seen in the last few months without finding some big new building full of flats. It has been estimated for me by an architect who himself has designed three million pounds' worth of new buildings in the past five years that in the same period eighty million pounds have been sunk in new blocks of flats. One company alone owns seven million pounds' worth of flat properties.

The reason is not far to seek. It is the cheapness of money. To-day you can issue debentures at 4 per cent. and preference shares at 5 per cent. On this basis you can put up a building for half a million pounds, borrow two-thirds of it on debenture at 4 per cent., and produce an equity dividend—payable on the ordinary share capital—which is really attractive to the investing public. Cheapness of money is not the only reason, however. The leases of old Victorian houses are coming to an end all over the West End. Besides being worn out these large houses no longer attract people who want residences, on account of high taxation and the difficulty of finding and maintaining a large staff of servants.

The question that most laymen ask is where all the new tenants of these new flats are coming from. More homes are being provided every day. The answer is that statistics show that 100,000 new homes need to be built every year to keep pace with current annual needs; 47,000 are required for the annual increase of population; 40,000 for the wastage of houses built a century ago; and 10,000 for the demolition of habitable houses or their conversion to other uses. Further building above that figure goes to meet the arrears of housing—to replace houses still older or otherwise marked for demolition; or to reduce over-crowding.

It is a fact that the erection of luxury flats is, indirectly, linked with the housing of the poorest classes. It is simply a question of what is called "filtration." Business is coming south; northerners are moving into London, particularly in the north and the north-west; the people who have been living in small houses in those areas or who are unprovided for by subsidized building schemes are moving over to places like Notting Hill, where landlords are letting off their large houses into units of two rooms; the people who were living in Notting Hill and neighbourhood are, in turn, moving to the Cromwell Road area, where they get converted flats of four to five rooms far more cheaply than they could obtain them in a new block. The erstwhile dwellers in South Kensington are moving into the new luxury flats that are being erected throughout London. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

Moreover, though it is still early to predict, it is highly probable that the thirty-mile an hour restriction of motor cars (which, for example, makes Southend half an hour longer from London by road) will result in more people coming to live in London so that they can get to work more easily, I only wish I had shares in one or two of our big departmental stores in the West End.

Yes. These huge blocks of flats are going up everywhere. I can almost see one of the latest from my front door in Gloucester Place. I refer to Dorset House at the corner of Upper Gloucester Place and Marylebone Road. It is rapidly reaching completion, and is another example of how the new tendency to greater comfort among the public is helping every kind of trade. There are no fewer than forty sub-contractors for this one building. This tendency towards greater comfort is so accentuated that whereas before the war it was generally understood that a man spent one-tenth of his income on his house, with rates and water bringing it up to one-eighth of his income, to-day he is spending at least one-fifth of his income in this respect. But the rent of a flat includes more than rates and water. Heating, refrigeration, porterage, cleaning, wireless and many other services are provided by the landlord and this "all-in arrangement" enables the tenant to know just where he is as though on a cruising holiday as opposed to a Continental tour.

No doubt there will ultimately be a saturation point in the way of these new buildings, but the time has not yet approached whatever we may think. At the same time, competition is becoming keener and keener. The situation is rather like that of the motor car manufacturers who have to think out and put on new gadgets on the dashboards of their latest models in ever-increasing numbers.

People are demanding more and more for their money. Anybody who spends over a hundred a year on his flat now insists on his own refrigeration. At Dorset House they are putting in stainless steel sinks, electric clocks, air conditioning, fitted cupboards, and a wheeled trolley to run from the kitchen to the dining-room. They are even installing shower-rooms with free bathing caps! In view of the new type of modern building, special screened aerials are also being installed to ensure perfect reception of radio programmes. Another new idea which will no doubt be copied in all future blocks of flats is a special floor for maids' rooms, as well as individual rooms in the same building, but not in the same flat, for visiting relatives. This seems particularly ingenious, and likely to suit a very keen demand. There is also a garage in the basement for 200 cars, with specially reduced terms to tenants.

There is a great demand for flats in London at rents between 30s. a week and £100 a year but one of the chief difficulties in the way of private enterprise—as far as the really cheap flat is concerned—is the ever present menace of snobbism. There is an enormous gulf fixed between the black coat worker who gets £3 a week and the man with a shovel, even though the latter is making 70s. a week. You may have seen the fuss in the papers the other day about a tenant objecting to a fellow-tenant—a postman—coming home from work in uniform. In Germany there is no such distinction, and in the new blocks of flats in Munich and elsewhere, which I have seen, 50 per cent. of the flat dwellers are artisans, 10 per cent. are young solicitors, another 10 per cent. are artists, and the remainder are elderly spinsters and others of that type. They are all perfectly happy together. In London the owner of the new block of flats at 30s. per week has to make up his mind at once which class he is going to cater for. Apparently you cannot have both.

Providing, however, you keep to the so-to-say educated classes for your clients, it is far easier apparently to let a flat of only two rooms if it is in a block where there are larger flats, than it is if all the flats have only two rooms. Tenants like to have an address where there are at least two or three flats the rentals of which are £1,000 a year or more. They can receive their friends in the luxurious foyer, which is now standardised everywhere, and can tell them that they have just passed Lord So-and-So or Lady This-and-That in the corridor on their way down.

What surprised me personally is that there is a positive dearth of £2,000 a year flats. You might have thought that people with that amount of money to spend on rent would prefer to have their own roof over their heads as opposed to leading a semi-communal existence in a large block of flats. Nevertheless, though there are at least a hundred of these super luxury apartments, there is a bigger demand than supply. On an average, however, the most popular type of flat is that for which £400 a year is demanded.

Soon, of course, squash courts will become as automatic in the new buildings as lifts are already. In the meantime, it is something to know in this ever changing London of ours that the London Building Act passed in the last century just after Queen Anne's Mansions were erected, limits the height of new buildings. The maximum is 80 ft. to the eaves, with two storeys in the roof. There are, however, several zones in London where the local authorities forbid the erection of buildings more than five storeys high.

LOOKING THROUGH ST. PAUL'S

A Drawing that Took Five Years to Make

ISOMETRIC PROJECTION: This drawing, showing the construction of St. Paul's, is of particular interest at this juncture as the great cathedral is to be the scene of the Silver Jubilee Thanksgiving Service. The work of drawing and measuring in order to produce this elaborate plan was carried out by R. B. Brook-Greaves and W. Godfrey Allen during the reparation of the structure between October 1923 and January 1928, and the original is now preserved in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Points of special interest are the curtain walls to the choir and nave which are built in front of the real walls and are purely decorative. Consequently the window spaces seen from the roadway do not light the interior. Note also the hollow cone of brickwork taking all the weight of the tower above the dome. *Inset above*—An aerial view which also reveals the artificial nature of the curtain walls

THE SHOW BEGINS: Deprived of many of the joys they would experience in England, the children of people stationed in India derive a great deal of pleasure from the visits of itinerant performers. A family is seen here being entertained on the front lawn

THE HUMAN SPIDER: An Indian acrobat doing a breath-taking stunt at the top of a 50-ft. pole

STAR TURNS: Two clever tricks done by animals in an Indian travelling circus. *Left*—A bear about to juggle with the diavolo. *Right*—A goat balances on a piece of wood of no more than 3 ins. in diameter

SALAAM: The goat bows its head and sinks on its knees at the end of its act, while the children of the house look on enthralled. The monkey is usually the hit of these shows and it creates great amusement when it dresses up in female attire and minces round the lawn

India's Itinerant Entertainers

A Source of Entertainment for the Children

AS we were walking along one of India's dusty highways not very long ago a man passing by salaamed us. He was proudly displaying on his breast a kind of medal, and this interested us for on it was "A present from Blackpool." We were curious enough to stop him and ask him how he came by it. We found he was one of the troupe of acrobats who annually delight thousands of people in Blackpool Tower by their marvellous feats, and he, pleased to find that we knew Blackpool well, offered to bring his company and give us a special performance.

The advent of an entertainer of any kind is a source of great excitement to children in the "mofussil" of India. Deprived of many of the ordinary joys they would experience at home—companionship of other children, pictures, circuses, shop windows, and pennies to spend—they derive a great deal of pleasure from the various wallahs who tour around. So when the "tum-tum tum-tum" of the acrobats' little drum was heard outside a little crowd soon gathered.

To the accompaniment of drum and piercing whistle one of the band wandered about on very high stilts whilst the others erected a bamboo pole for their balancing feats. Then the star turn, our bemedalled friend, after balancing three or four chattis (clay water vessels) on his head, proceeded to climb the swaying mast with monkey-like agility. Not content with this exhibition he somehow contrived to spread-eagle himself on the topmost point of the pole and posed there, arms and legs outflung and chattis still triumphantly safe. Later, minus the chattis, he swarmed up the pole, placed himself so that the point was in the small of his back, and thus balanced began to gyrate at a tremendous speed. Some of his tricks were breath-taking, all were interesting.

But acrobats are not the only contributors to this "front door circus." As soon as it becomes known that there are children in the compound no day is free from wallahs. It may be a balloo-wallah (man with trained bear), or a monkey man, or a man with performing goats, or a bird wallah, or even a snake charmer who thus tries to earn an honest anna or two.

Of all these itinerant entertainers perhaps none is more loved than Mr. Bruin. Advantage is taken of his ability to stand on his hind feet. To the great delight of his somewhat mixed audience the bear walks, dances, begs, salaams, smokes a hookah, plays the sittar, wrestles with his master and gives jov rides to the children. He is reduced to this undignified submission by means of a rope passed through the pierced nostrils —a cruel process whereby he is literally led by the nose. He gives much pleasure, but, judging by his expression, poor balloo has no personal pleasure in his antics.

(Continued on p. **164***)*

A LEAFLESS VALLOMBROSA: An April morning in a Herefordshire woodland where the interplay of the shadows through the branches has created a scene of transcendent beauty

In Rural England

An Old Landmark Passes and a Bridge in Danger

A TRIBUTE TO SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY CRAFTSMANSHIP: This old barn at Spring Grove Farm, Brightlingsea, was built nearly 300 years ago, and ever since has been a landmark for the fishermen on this part of the Essex coast on account of its elevated position. It is now being pulled down and during the progress of the work all the oak timbers have been found to be still in an excellent state of preservation, while the wooden pegs attaching the floorboards to the joists are as firm to-day as when first hammered into position

THREATENED: It was recently proposed that this picturesque old bridge over the River Alde in Suffolk should be demolished and replaced by a wider and more modern structure. A protest has been made, however, and it is possible that it may be saved

The World of Books

Wilson Wright Reveals the Kindly Side of Napoleon's Nature in "The Pinnacle of Glory" : The Memoirs of Count Apponyi — A Statesman Who Awed the Delegates to the League of Nations

Reviewed by VERNON FANE

THE town of New Valois, in the State of Franciana, was *en fête*. The occasion was Mardi Gras, to celebrate which a new flying-green field was being opened, the star turn being an air "circus." They stunt, race, turn pylons at dizzy angles at breakneck speeds, and jump with parachutes from crazy heights.

These people lead a life peculiar to themselves and, I should say, one which is new to readers of fiction. Daredevils, nerveless ("They ain't human, like us . . . crash one, and it ain't even blood when you haul him out; it's cylinder oil, the same as in the crankcase"), yet terribly drab and dreary, risking their lives in scarcely airworthy craft for a mere pittance.

There is Shumann, the pilot, Laverne, his wife, but also the mistress of the parachute jumper; Jiggs, a mechanic; a small boy whose parentage has been determined by a spin of the coin; and, finally, a reporter, mysterious in character and appearance, whose words are quoted above. He is the Greek chorus; his passionate interest in this strange crew, particularly in the woman, supplies the pivotal point of the story. Hungry and homeless, he befriends them, but the ultimate tragedy only brings down curses on his head.

Such is the story which may be disentangled by the persistent from the pages of Mr. William Faulkner's new novel, **PYLON** (Chatto. 7s. 6d.). Mr. Faulkner's reporter, in his own tough and none-too-easy vernacular, has the very deuce of a lot to say. Add to this pages of the author's finer frenzies, and the result is fairly hard going. Yet from it emerges fresh proof of the undoubted genius of the author of *Sanctuary*, an unmistakable sense of the inhumanity of men who serve machines, and an implacable hatred of the tawdry vulgarity of the kind of life his story depicts.

Napoleon's last five years, spent on an island of lava rock in the wastes of the South Atlantic, are wonderful material for a dramatist or an historically-minded novelist. They have the strange drama of the Emperor's life, and they also have to help them great latitude of invention.

"There seems to have been something in the air of St. Helena that blighted exact truth," Lord Rosebery once wrote. It is a lost period about which one guess seems to be as good as another.

Mr. Wilson Wright's guess, in his novel, **THE PINNACLE OF GLORY** (Macmillan. 7s. 6d) reads as convincingly and as circumstantially as the diary of an eye-witness; moreover, he follows very closely the argument of a recent play by R. C. Sherriff and Miss Jeanne de Casalis (which he could not have read).

Although Mr. Wright is, if anything, pro-Napoleon, he is as impartial as a biographer of the great can allow himself to be. The Emperor—or General Bonaparte, as he was known by order of the English Governor—is shown in tantrums, in petty exasperations, and in what seems childish scheming. But these are only the effects of the unnecessarily close confinement and the aggressive supervision carried out by England's representative.

In the main, an unusual and kindly side of Napoleon's nature is emphasized. He played with children, cut roses for young ladies, was tolerant of bad-tempered young officers, and sympathetic over childbirth. There are flashes of the old Napoleon, though, that are like the shock of delighted recognition, and his speech, after four years of the tedium of St. Helena, had not lost its incisive quality.

"Talleyrand," he observed, one evening, unexpectedly, ". . . he was dung stuffed into a silk stocking," and went on to add that he would invent the most devious means to achieve even the simplest ends.

Even if, like me, you find it easy to view Napoleon this side of idolatory, you will, like me, be enthralled by this story about him.

Mr. Kenneth Matthews calls his book **GREEK SALAD** (Chatto. 8s. 6d.) "an autobiography of Greek travel." Equipped with enthusiasm and a classical education he set out for Greece with all the enthusiasm of those be-lectured Hellenic tourists who go there yearly on big liners.

He discovered many things, among them Modern Greece. He wandered about, in and about classical and inaccessible places; got married while he was there, and we finally leave him, having "worked off my classical education," taking a photograph of the Parthenon by moonlight (and a very lovely picture it is, too. So are the rest in the book).

Not since I last read a book by the sluggish sage of Rapallo, Max Beerbohm (whose work is, nevertheless, entirely dissimilar) have I enjoyed such sly humour beautifully wrought into words, and not since that other sluggard, Norman Douglas, wrote his last travel book, has there been so delightful a rendering of the contemporary scene among those golden isles in a wine-dark sea.

Odessa under successive White and Red Terrors; imprisonment by the Whites in the most terrible conditions; a position of trust and all but confidence under the newly-formed Soviet Government; an introduction to Lenin; an intimate spectator of ways and means of Stalin's rise to power.

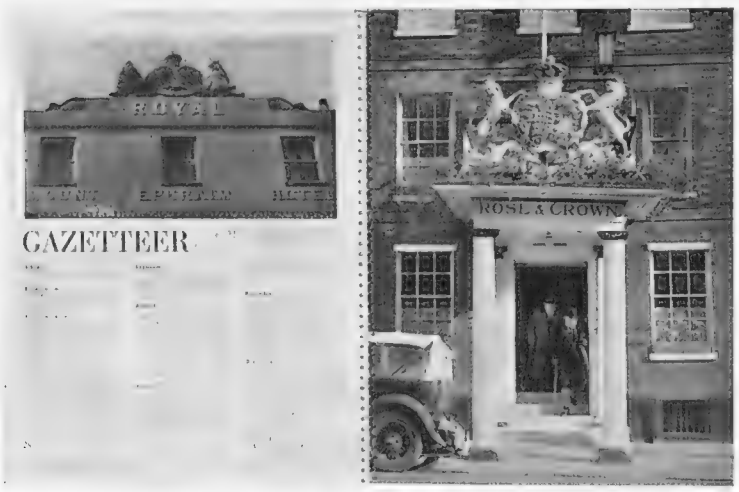
Such were the experiences of Mr. J. H. Rubin, a Russian-born American business man, as set down in **MOSCOW MIRAGE** (Bles. 10s. 6d). The reader will observe that Mr. Rubin had every reason to be strongly sympathetic to the Communist régime; indeed he had suffered terribly in their cause. His conclusions, therefore, on revisiting Russia, ten years after the Odessa adventure but this time in disguise, must be respected.

The student of revolutionary history will find this a valuable book; the ordinary reader will enjoy the fine free style in which the author recounts his incredible adventures.

THE MEMOIRS OF COUNT APPONYI (Heinemann. 16s.) remind one that only a short while ago there passed, in Count Apponyi, the last of Europe's important statesmen who still breathed the aristocratic tradition, and who used, thereby, to awe the delegates to the League of Nations.

Born in 1848, he was no stranger to revolutions; still less to wars. Born also a politician; a man who had seen and attended the might, magnificence and power of the Austrian Court, its decay, and subsequent eclipse; above all an Hungarian noble, at loggerheads with the Habsburgs, and subsequently with those powers who made a shambles of the Kingdom of Hungary. Yet his memoirs draw little upon these upheavals; rather they reveal a cultured courtier, with a passion for music and a trained appreciation for the pleasanter things of life.

This is an interesting book, if only for the reason that we shall never look upon his like again.



IN THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND: Two pages from the *Shell Guide to Kent* —a beautifully-produced little work edited by Lord Clonmore and dealing in most entertaining fashion with the antiquities and places of interest in the county. It is published at 2s. 6d. by the Architectural Press

FOR YOUR LIBRARY LIST

Short Comments on New Publications

Fiction

RIPENESS IS ALL (Cape). Eric Linklater's new book is as amusing, and almost as credible, as his *Juan in America*.

NATIONAL VELVET, by Eric Bagnold (Heinemann). A girl of fourteen wins the Grand National on a piebald horse, and you can believe it and cheer it yourself. A delightful book, with studies of the most genuine children I have met for a very long time.

CAPTAIN PATCH, by T. F. Powys (Chatto and Windus). Collection of twenty-one short stories by an author who has a feeling for the life of the country that is unique.

CAT ACROSS THE PATH, by Ruth Feiner (Harrap). Translation from the German of an excellent first novel of the materialistic school. Less grimness and more affection than most novels of this type.

TIME'S DOOR, by Esther Meynell (Chapman and Hall). An "experiment with time" story, in which a young violinist of Paganini's day falls in love with a daughter of Bach's, who had lived in the same house a hundred years before.

ENBURY HEATH, by Stella Gibbons (Longmans). The author of *Cold Comfort Farm* very nearly does it again. Not a laugh a minute, but a very pleasant book.

THE SON OF RICHARD CARDEN, by Neil Bell (Collins). Really good biographical novel and well worth reading. No glamour, no excitement, but the feeling of an everyday life which might be that of the man next door.

METEOR, by Karel Capek (Allen and Unwin). If you want a story that is completely "different," and not completely convincing, read this clever reconstruction of the career of an unconscious man.

SPY, by Bernard Newman (Gollancz). An Englishman debunks the spy business, and unwittingly reveals the dangers and fascinations of his craft.

DUSK AT THE GROVE, by Samuel Rogers (Hurst and Blackett). An American story in the pre-Hemingway style, of rich and temporarily unhappy families.

CACTUS, by Ethel Mannin (Jarrold). Pacifist novel of a certain strength. Better than the recent work of this author.

WOMEN IN THE SUN, by Bernard Thielen (Methuen). The heat of the summer in a Californian vineyard, and its effect on two women and a man. Crisply written, with an un-modern fervour rather reminiscent of revivalist meetings.

LANDTAKERS, by Brian Fenton (Cassell). Epic account of the days of the early Australian settlers. A very sincere and rather moving achievement.

RED LILAC, by Lord Gorell (Murray). An ingenious crime story, entertaining, and not particularly hard work.

THE LITTLE WENCH, by Philip Lindsay (Nicholson and Watson). The story of Elaine and Lancelot, Guinevere and Galahad. Not for the very youngest children perhaps, but attractive "legends without tears" for the more adult members of the family.

MR. GLENCANNON OF THE S.S. *INCHCLIFFE CASTLE*, by Guy Kilpatric (Bodley Head). Seafaring tales as the title indicates, but much funnier than they sound.

THE YOUNG JOSEPH, by Thomas Mann (Secker). The second of a series of a Life of Joseph and his brethren. Thoughtful and reverent.

KHARTOUM TRAGEDY, by Marcus Maclaren (Lovat Dickson). General Gordon's private life in slightly idealized novel form, but interesting for Gordon admirers.

THE SHIPBUILDERS, by George Blake (Faber). The tragedy of the world depression, and its effect on one of our staple industries. An impressive book, sympathetically written.

LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES, by Brian Guinness (Putnam). English country life from a charming but rather specialized point of view. Another remarkable study of a child.

General

RAJAH BROOKE AND BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS (Hutchinson). Owen Rutter has edited a particularly interesting volume of letters between two nineteenth-century figures with an amazing background.

TOLSTOY, by Gerald Abraham (Duckworth). The newest contribution to the now well-known series of great lives of world-famous figures.

THE GEORGIAN LITERARY SCENE, by Frank Swinnerton (Heinemann). Popular criticisms by a popular author. Entertaining and occasionally inspired. A book to keep by one.

QUARTERMASTER CLAUSEN, by James Hanley (Arlan). A long short story that perhaps deserves the distinction of being printed by itself.

HIS MAJESTY THE PRESIDENT, by Ernest Hambloch (Methuen). A study of constitutional Brazil by a critic of experience. Sound and authoritative.

GARIBALDI, THE MAN AND THE NATION, by Paul Frischauer (Nicholson and Watson). The story that is greater than legend, of his Red Shirts who swept across the plains of South America, and fought and died for the freedom and unity of Italy.

On page 164 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, autobiography, etc., recently received by THE SPHERE.

"LES MISÉRABLES"

Scenes from the Film Version of Victor Hugo's Famous Novel

SAVED FROM THE GALLEYS: Jean Valjean (Fredric March), ragged and demoralized after five years' imprisonment, is caught stealing silver by the benevolent Bishop Bienvenu (Cedric Hardwicke) who, instead of turning him over to the authorities, makes him a present of two silver candlesticks and sends him on his way. An episode from *Les Misérables*—a Darryl Zanuck production, released through United Artists, which was presented this week at the Tivoli

THE GAOLBIRD IN SEARCH OF FORTUNE: Jean Valjean (Fredric March) wanders through the countryside carrying the two candlesticks presented to him by the Bishop whose kindness in setting him free has restored his faith in human nature

A CLASSIC SCREENED: Two more episodes from the Victor Hugo film. *Left*—Marius (John Beal), leader of a group of revolutionaries, and Cosette (Rochelle Hudson), the girl he loves, in a scene in a Paris café. *Right*—Jean Valjean, now owner of a thriving business comes face to face with his former gaoler (Charles Laughton), the merciless Chief Warden who believes in serving the law to the letter at no matter what cost, and in employing the lash on every possible occasion

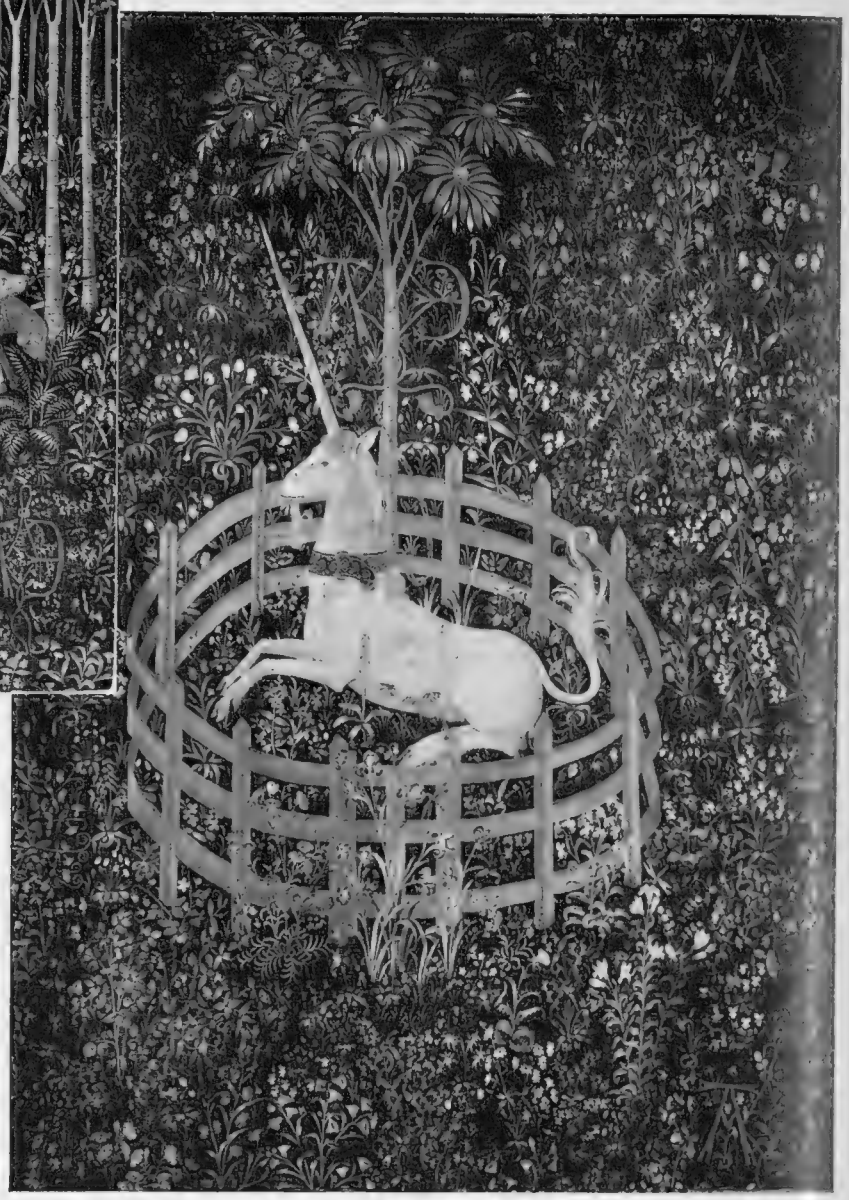
LEAVING HOLLYWOOD: Maureen O'Sullivan and friend. She is to play the lead in *Soldiers Three*—the film version of Kipling's famous story which is to be made by a British company

BACK FROM THE WESTERN FRONT: A wartime scene at Victoria Station in *Royal Cavalcade*, the Silver Jubilee picture dealing with the leading events of the King's reign, which was recently presented at the Regal, Marble Arch. It is a most elaborate production and the various episodes have been pieced into a dramatic whole with notable success

The Hunt of the Unicorn

A Series of French Tapestries of the Fifteenth Century which has been Presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jnr.

ARRIVING FOR THE MEET: The first of the six beautiful tapestries which are valued at at least 1,000,000 dollars. They at one time hung in the Château of Verteuil, Angoulême, the ancestral estate of the La Rochefoucauld family



THE QUARRY: The unicorn is chained to a tree in a small compound before being released at the start of the day's hunting. A magnificent piece of tapestry chiefly notable for the skilful treatment of the flowery mead surrounding the pen

THE NEW CUXA CLOISTERS, which have recently been erected at a cost of £500,000, where the tapestries are now on exhibition. The building is situated in the picturesque Washington Heights district of New York

CORNERED: In the left-hand scene the unicorn is depicted at bay beside a fountain, and on the right it is shown attempting to escape from the hunters. The detail of the work is amazing and the weaving is comparable to anything done at Arras, Paris, Valenciennes, St. Omer, or Rheims during the fifteenth century. It is, however, somewhat limited in range of colours but this was generally the case at the time on account of the relatively small number of dyes available

THE UNICORN GORES ONE OF THE HOUNDS AND LASHES OUT WITH ITS HIND LEGS: The most realistic of the six tapestries which Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jnr. has presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. These hangings, which originally belonged to an ancestor of François de la Rochefoucauld, the great maxim writer, are of French design but bear an interesting similarity to works produced in Germany during the fifteenth century when strange beasts and floral patterns were much in vogue

Gems of Fifteenth-Century French Tapestry

THE MORT: The huntsman proclaims on his horn the impending death of the Unicorn—a detail of the tapestry reproduced at the top of this page. *Right*—The chatelaine comes out to witness the kill

AFTER DARK

Jewels, Bags, and Shoes All Sparkle

NO matter how simple your dress, your accessories must glitter, for they are the spice that lends variety to a limited wardrobe.

You are wearing a frock of plain lamé or satin or heavy crêpe? Then the shoes in the centre of this page are for you. They are made of gold kid patterned with tiny coloured flowers, and they have a very pleasing centre strap with two shaped bands forming a design at the rounded base. They cost 59s. 6d. at Lilley and Skinner, of 358, Oxford Street, W.

If, on the other hand, your dress is of floral taffeta or of patterned lamé, the shoes at the foot of the page would ideally complement your scheme. They are of silver kid and a frosted silver material that has a honeycombed effect. The detail of the strapping at the sides is beautiful, and the price is three guineas.

The design of the jewellery shown above is so excellent that it is worthy of real gems, and indeed so brilliant is the paste with which it is set that it might well be of great value. Actually, the handsome brooch costs only 29s. 6d., though nobody would ever suspect it. It comes from Woolland Bros. of Knightsbridge, where the matching bracelet is priced at 99s. 6d. Just to complete a scintillating toilette there are the fascinating clip-on ear ornaments at 49s. 6d.

Whether you choose a picture frock or one that is moulded in flowing lines from neck to hem, you must add a touch of fantasy in the way of flowers in the hair, a cellophane fan, a corsage posie made of feathers or a wide belt composed of beads or jewelled leather. You should also wear a petticoat of frilled organdie or of gored taffeta, according to your silhouette.

Even bags must sparkle, and on the left is one of the most unusual of the new models. It is made of Scintilette, which is rather like minute smooth sequins, and it has a very effective gilt filigree mount. In gold or silver, Scintilette bags may be obtained from 1 guinea at Woollands

Drama of the Day

Who Coined the Phrase, "I'm no Angel"? —A Galsworthy Play that Dates—W. C. Fields at his Best in "Mississippi"

By PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKOY

IT was somewhat facetiously that, two weeks ago, I suggested that if asked who coined the phrase, "I'm no angel," 90 per cent. of the English-speaking races would reply Mae West!

Readers of THE SPHERE have corrected my casual view with great promptness, and having considered the number of post-cards which have reached me, correctly stating that it was Becky Sharp in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, I can only firstly congratulate the writers, since it proves that not only are they well-read but retentive of what they read, and secondly, myself, that so many of the well-read are good enough to follow what I write.

The first post-card which reached THE SPHERE office was from M. C. D. or W. of Mecklenberg Square, London, who in consequence wins the vast prize offered, if he or she will be good enough to apply for it, or let me know if that postal address is sufficient.

PEARL ARGYLE, who will appear in Erik Charrell's new show *King of the Air*, which is shortly to be staged at the Alhambra Theatre

To him or to her, and to all those who were kind enough to join in my little joke, are my thanks for their co-operation, and for the fact that during the time in which I have written this column for Mr. Philip Page, who will have returned from his holiday cruise by the time it is resumed after the Jubilee numbers of THE SPHERE, they have been indulgent enough to permit me to deputize for him.

Since the Easter holidays preoccupy most minds, both in anticipation and recovery, it is natural enough that managers do not consider this the moment to try out any new productions.

The only play which I have not yet reviewed is Mr. Leon M. Lion's revival of *Justice* at the Playhouse. This is the first of his planned season of Galsworthy, and is to be followed by *The Skin Game*, then *A Family Man*, *Old English*, etc., until September.

"Justice" is not, perhaps, quite the best choice for commencing a season. In its day there can be no question that its message carried weight and drew the community's attention to hardship which has since been considerably and humanely remedied.

Though prison life is still doubtless unpleasant in many ways, those who are obliged to lead it are hardly entitled to the standard of comfort of the Ritz; if they were they would not be in prison. But since there has been much reform, *Justice* to-day seems old-fashioned. One cannot be moved sincerely as before by the mental anguish of the boy suffering the agony of solitary confinement, nor can one enter into the spirit of persecution which suggests to him that the hounds of the Law still bay behind his freed steps, waiting to pull him down.

Stephen Haggard, as William Falder, the imprisoned clerk, put into his performance all the shyness, the diffidence, and hopelessness in the face of the odds against him which could win the sympathy the part demands. But in 1935 his suicide no longer seems an inevitable tragedy but a rather silly method of dramatizing himself. Miss Gwen Ffrangcon Davies pleaded his cause with her usual finish, and helped considerably to pile on pathos.

Very excellent acting on the part of a good cast, which includes Arthur Wontner and Mr. Leon M. Lion himself playing the judge; even the smallest parts have each their particular value skilfully worked out, but to my mind *Justice* as a play fails to "grip" to-day because it is neither near enough to the mentality of 1935 nor sufficiently far away to retain its real dramatic value.

TRIANGLE: The novelist's wife (Kathleen O'Regan) and the next-door neighbour (Guy Middleton) enjoy a mild flirtation at the dinner-table while the husband (Ion Swinley) looks on disconsolate. A scene from "... *and a Woman Passed By*" which was recently presented at the Duke of York's Theatre

America in the Early Days.

—In *Mississippi*, however, the new film at the Plaza, founded on a play by Booth Tarkington, its producer, Arthur Hornblow, Jun, and its director, Edmund Sutherland, have dipped right into the past.

My attention was from the first charmed by the delightful portrayal of life as perhaps Thackeray, in *The Virginians* or *Esmond*, visualised it in his descriptions of the American "South."

A lovely colonial house, perfect Georgian décor, crystal chandeliers glittering with wax candles; the women in swaying crinolines and flower-decked ringlets, the men in formality and side-whiskers.

It is all a bit too good to be true, perhaps, but very pleasing to the eye.

And for those who like sentiment, well—sugar and treacle and moonlight are piled on honey and maple syrup to a sobbing rhythm of "Way Down the Swanee River," while true love comes into its own, as Bing Crosby croons, "maybe not to-morrow—but soooon." Lovely, lovely!

But, however, the film is not all sentiment. There is some grand humour in it as well as catchy and attractive tunes.

Most of the humour is provided brilliantly by W. C. Fields. He plays the part of the Commodore of a showboat, travelling up and down the Mississippi. He is engaged to take his company to perform at the betrothal ball given for Elvira, the belle of the district, and Tom Grayson (Bing Crosby) her father's ward, who has been brought up in Quaker Philadelphia, and is not *au courant* with the gentlemanly code of behaviour as practised in the "South." Tom finds himself spurned by Elvira when challenged at the ball by one of her admirers to a duel over her affections, since the art of duelling has so far in his life been omitted from his education. Given his congé by Elvira's disgusted father he joins the Commodore's company on the showboat, the Commodore having been duly impressed by his singing at the betrothal party.

The Commodore, however, does understand the code of the "South" and the value of a quick "draw" if discovered holding too many aces in a poker game. He commences to educate Tom. Within a very short time, not only has he told him how to shoot his man, but has built up a reputation for him as the "Singing Killer" which makes Tom feared and admired all the length of the river.

This, however, while being good for Showboat business spells finality for romance. For—

Elvira, the disdainful, had a little sister who thought Tom's ideals were too perfect! She admired his refusal to fight a stranger with whom he had no quarrel just because the stranger had fancied Elvira and arrived at the betrothal party like the Bad Fairy without an invitation.

When all turned their backs on Tom she called him brave instead of cowardly, and gave him to understand that she would grow up as fast as she could to console him for Elvira's cruelty. (When I reveal that little sister is Joan Bennett, it is sufficiently clear how very good and sweet the little sister must be!)

So little sister holding such outrageous views is broken-hearted, when leaving school, to find by accidental meeting that the "quaker" she had admired had become the fire-eating and notorious Colonel Steel; particularly as he has just been credited for publicity purposes by the Commodore with the extinction of her own cousin!

So she, too, tells Tom that he is "out!"

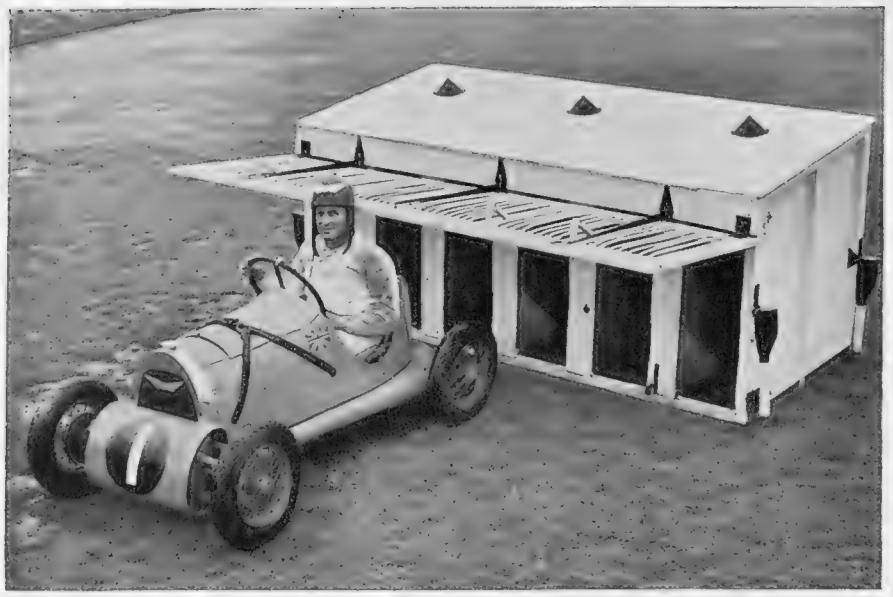
Back to the ancestral mansion she goes to trip about wistfully, in her little pantalettes, arranging the flowers and spurning the local beaux.

But Tom follows hotfoot. With his new education he sends the local beaux, who had formerly dubbed him a coward, flying before his pistol and swordstick, and carries off the little sister triumphantly after breaking her door down.

As well as this beautiful and touching story there is some delightful singing from the "darkies" on the plantation, particularly from some "piccaninnies" who are part of the showboat troupe.

Mississippi is very good entertainment and should not be missed, even if the "treacle and honey" are a little overdone.

REVIVED: A scene from *Murder in Motley*, the crime play by Fenn Sherie and Ingram D'Abbes, which started its run at the Kingsway and is to enjoy a further lease of life at the Winter Garden



THE MIGHTY ATOM: A midget racing car capable of high speeds which was recently tried out at the White City in preparation for the Jubilee meeting which will be held there. Its size can be judged when compared with the greyhound starting trap behind it

The Petrol World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

EVEN if we do not like the 30 m.p.h. speed limit we must thank Mr. Hore-Belisha's predecessor for providing us with a topic which is discussed every day, and almost every hour, in any place where motorists congregate. From my own experience and from what I have heard every motor car driver is flat out to give the limit a perfectly fair trial. Anyone who drives on the road must be impressed by this fact, for it is very rarely indeed, when in a 30 m.p.h. limit, that anyone passes. Except in the case of motorists who have to drive continuously in the outskirts of large towns and cities the limit is not a very worrying affair as far as a reduction in speed over the whole journey is concerned. I think that the authorities may take it for granted that the wholesale regard for the limit will continue, provided that some of the roads and streets which should never have been controlled are decontrolled. In this connection it is very satisfying to note that the R.A.C. and the A.A., as well as the Royal Scottish Automobile Club, have combined and have submitted to the Minister of Transport their first list of roads which should be decontrolled.

As I see it, however, this decontrolling business is not so easy as one might imagine. Owing to the unnecessary and extreme haste with which the limit was inaugurated the lists of roads to be controlled, which were submitted by the various road authorities to the Ministry, were quite inadequately examined, with the result that many roads were included which should now be decontrolled. The Minister, however, has no power to do this unless the local councils see eye to eye with him. As the latter included the roads in question in their lists it may be taken for granted that they will now be reluctant to remove the limit sign, in which case the Minister must institute an inquiry. True the Ministry of Transport has a big financial stick to wield in order to put pressure on the councils, but whether this course would be taken or not is doubtful. I think that if the list of suggested decontrolled roads which has been drawn up by the motoring bodies had likewise included some roads that at the present moment are not controlled but which should be, it would have strengthened the motorists' case.

It is certainly gratifying to read that owing to the lack of cases the special motoring courts are to be discontinued, and it is also interesting to note that Lord Trenchard is giving instructions that the police in the Metropolitan area are to concentrate on careless and dangerous driving instead of endeavouring to catch out motoring folk who, by mistake, drive at thirty-one or thirty-two miles an hour in controlled areas.

There is no doubt about it that driving with one eye on the speedometer and the other looking at the road ahead is a very trying procedure and one fraught with danger. It will certainly not surprise me if one day when it is getting dusk I hit a cyclist or a pedestrian who steps off the path. Speedometer makers have announced that they have produced a fitting that can be attached to the speedometer mechanism whereby the driver would have audible or visible warning that the needle of his speedometer is above the thirty mark. Such a fitting would be a real godsend and I am surprised that the makers in question have not made a bigger shout to sell this accessory. I have seen notices that have been given some prominence stating that the speedometer makers will not be responsible for the good working of their instruments if such gadgets, made by outside firms, are fitted, but they do not add that they themselves are prepared to supply the desirable tell-tale. Personally, I feel that I would be a safer driver if my car had such a gadget.

As a result of the limit I find that my usual road journeys are slightly slower and so I have decided that in order to equalise matters I must have a faster motor car. I am not suggesting that my 20–25-h.p. Rolls-Royce is not nearly fast enough, because it can do well over 70 m.p.h., but I have placed an order for a new 3½-litre Bentley and the extra speed of this car should enable me to complete my usual journeys in the same time and as safely as I used to do in pre-limit days. When the limit was first brought in manufacturers of sports cars thought that it would affect them adversely. I feel, however, that there must be thousands of other motorists like myself who are beginning to realise that if they buy faster cars they can put up the same averages as before and still religiously respect the limit areas.

Before I placed the order for this Bentley I was able to try one out during a recent week-end. There are many people who are inclined to think that the purchase price of a Bentley, viz. approximately £1,500 is unnecessarily high, considering that there are other sports cars at a much lower figure which have astounding acceleration, and an all-out speed almost as good as the Bentley. My advice to these critics is to take a trial run on a Bentley and then note what their reactions are. There is no getting away from the fact that the silent sports car, which is the maker's apt description of the Bentley is in a class entirely by itself. No one has ever seriously challenged Rolls-Royce as the makers of the world's finest automobile, and I venture to think that before very long the name Bentley will be universally acknowledged as being applied to the finest sports car manufactured in the world. As a result of my week-end experiences I find that the Bentley is just as smooth, as silky, almost as silent as the Rolls; but in addition to giving me all my Rolls comforts and pleasure it provides me with an extra 20 m.p.h. throughout the entire speed range that I am accustomed to have in the Rolls. It has not, however, quite the same amount of accommodation, although for a sports car it has more than most in that class.

I have driven much cheaper sports cars at the same speeds, but I am afraid that I desire to be a safe motorist before I become a speed merchant. The Bentley allows me to travel very quickly but likewise very safely and that is one of the reasons why I consider that its purchase price is not unreasonable. A Rolls is renowned for many excellent features, and amongst the most important of these are the ease and certainty of its controls. At 50 m.p.h. in one of these cars I feel safer than when I am driving at 30 m.p.h. in many other cars. I can say exactly the same as regards the Bentley, its corresponding speed being 70 m.p.h. Then again, I contend that it is more economical motoring to pay £1,460 and to be able to get almost £1,300 for the vehicle after a year's running, than it is to buy another car at £500 and get half that figure back when it is twelve months old.

ALL SET! The start of the fifth race at Brooklands during the Easter Bank Holiday meeting last Monday. The packed stands bear testimony to the huge crowds which attended

The Automobile Association is providing certain facilities for its members so that they can check the accuracy of their speedometers. A fleet of cars with specially checked speedometers, in charge of A.A. officials, are operating on various unrestricted roads, the front and rear of each car displays notices inviting motorists to check their speeds against the A.A. speedometer. Ultimately, every motor-cycle combination driven by an A.A. patrol will be similarly equipped so that A.A. members can carry out tests whilst on the road.

In this country we have for years been more than satisfied with the performances of so-called small cars. Motorists overseas, however, have been apt to imagine that any car having an engine not more than 10-h.p. was quite unsuitable for overseas conditions. In order to demonstrate that the 10-h.p. Ford, manufactured at Dagenham, can give really satisfactory service abroad, the makers recently put it in for a fourteen-day endurance test on South African roads. The car covered over 10,000 miles at an average speed, including stops, of 30 m.p.h. The circuit included a mountain pass, which was climbed ninety times.

WHETHER THE WEATHER . . .: A Vauxhall Big Six Wingham Convertible Cabriolet, the coachwork of which is by Martin Walter. Thanks to the patent self-acting head, this car can be converted from a saloon to a tourer at a touch

BRITAIN'S DEPENDABLE CAR

... *what* AUSTIN OWNERS *say about* INVESTING

Report No. 559, Car No. HBX 4805

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* * *

So writes an owner who has driven Austin cars exclusively for twelve years. In fact, the Doctor has left so little unsaid that we will simply repeat in brief what he says in detail. Here it is in ten words :

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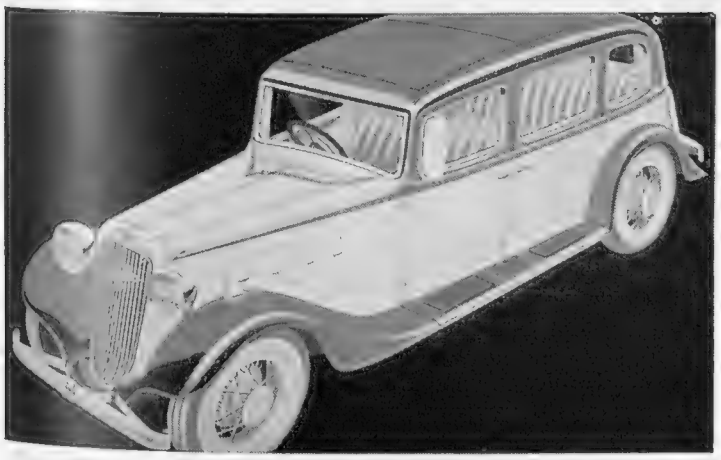

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ART NOTES

The de Glehn Exhibition at Knoedler's—Ruggeri, the Tailor who Turned Sculptor

MRS. GEOFFREY DAWSON AND HER DAUGHTER, BELINDA: A painting which will be on view at Knoedler's Galleries, Old Bond Street, between May 1 and May 25, at the exhibition of water-colour drawings and portraits by Wilfrid G. de Glehn, R.A.

Wilfrid Gabriel de Glehn is one of the most accomplished of our present-day painters, and the forthcoming exhibition of his work is bound to attract a large number of art enthusiasts. He was born in 1870, studied in South Kensington and Paris, and soon acquired a reputation as a portraitist. His landscapes, however, reach an equally high standard of technical excellence, and visitors to Knoedler's next month will have an opportunity of seeing some of his water-colour drawings of Wiltshire. Mr. de Glehn was made A.R.A. in 1923 and R.A. in 1932

THE DISEUSE: A portrait by Wilfrid G. de Glehn of Ruth Draper, whose "one-man shows" have for many years delighted English and American audiences

On left—"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG CARPENTER": This is an excellent example of the art of Quirino Ruggeri, one of the most outstanding of the younger Italian sculptors of to-day who is exhibiting a large number of works at this year's Quadriennale exhibition in Rome. Ruggeri started life as a tailor but courageously gave up a prosperous business and endured a long period of dire poverty before winning recognition

BIGGER CAR MOTORING

interpreted by Vauxhall

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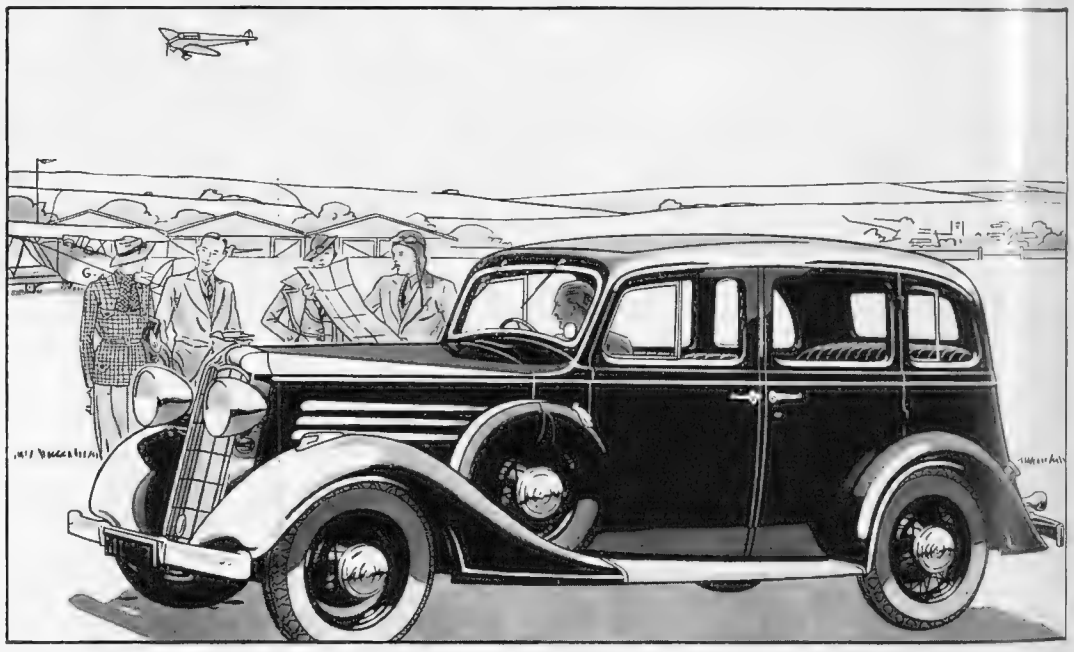

There are two chassis types of Vauxhall Big Six. The *Standard* chassis with a 20 h.p. or 27 h.p. engine for five-seater coachwork. The *Regent* chassis (with 19-in. extra wheelbase, larger tyres with two spares, etc., 27 h.p. engine only) for seven-seater and specially roomy coachwork. Full particulars from your local Vauxhall dealer.

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THE PROMISE OF GOOD THINGS TO COME: Two delightful pictures of the spring blossom in the vast orchards in Cambridgeshire of Messrs. Chivers and Sons, the well-known fruit growers, canners, and jam manufacturers. On the left are two of the many pedigree Percheron horses employed by the firm

Transparent Glass Bricks for Building

One of the latest types of building material is the six-sided, hollow-centred, translucent glass block which, after two years of scientific research, is now being produced on a commercial basis. For house construction it is likely to make only a limited appeal, but for restaurants, offices, factories, and other buildings of the same character it is probable that it will be employed quite extensively. The blocks can be made in practically any colour, the tones are not harsh, and blended combinations are sometimes highly effective; while sunlight passing through a wall of this material is extremely restful to the eyes.

When building a wall with glass bricks the very best quality mortar must be used, and in order to effect a firm bond the inner surfaces of the blocks are covered with a patent cement paint on which the mortar can gain and maintain a grip. A glass wall need not be more than 4 ins. thick, but even so it is completely water-tight and is hardly affected at all by changes of temperature. The picture shown in the centre of this page gives an excellent idea of the potentialities of the material.

IN A NEW MEDIUM: An office of an American petrol-filling station constructed of coloured glass blocks with hollow centres

The P & O and the Naval Review

Of the four 1st-class cruises to be made by the P & O liner, *Viceroy of India*, in the coming summer, the itinerary of July 13 has been amended to provide a stay of two days at Spithead in order that her passengers may witness the naval review; the ship being timed to leave the Solent waters at 2 a.m. on July 17, after the conclusion of the fleet's illuminations. She will then proceed to Lisbon, Madeira, and Corunna. Further, her itinerary of August 10 to the Ægean and Istanbul has been re-arranged to admit of visits ashore to Ba'albek, Damascus, Jerusalem, and Cairo. On June 22 she will go to Norway and the North Cape and on July 27 will make a cruise to Oslo, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Visby, and Hamburg.

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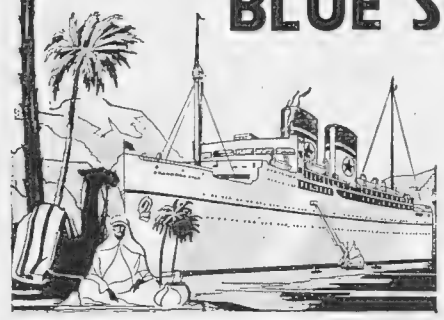

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P.A.42 A

"THE FOUR MARVELS" whose adagio dancing act is one of the features of Felix Ferry's new Monte Carlo Follies at Grosvenor House

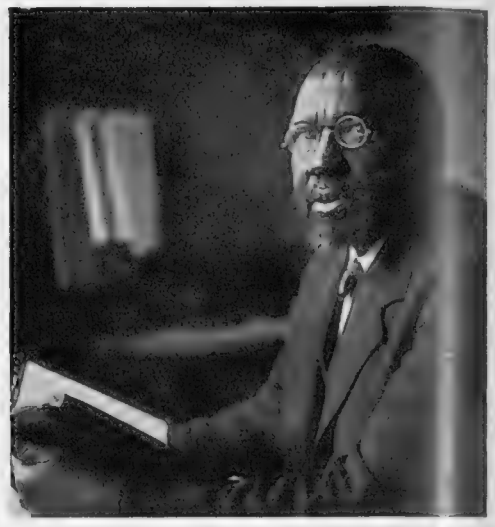
Mainly PERSONAL

Some Items of General Interest

On right—A WEST AFRICAN CHIEF TO VISIT ENGLAND: Ibrahim, Emir of Zaria, who will be in London during the Silver Jubilee celebrations. By race he is a Fulani and he rules over nearly 16,000 sq. miles of territory in the Northern Province of Nigeria

A PURITAN YOUTH: Miss Petronilla Atkinson, who will take part in "The Pageant of England," to be presented at Langley Park, Slough, from May 28 to June 11

A NURSE HONOURED: Dr. Katharine Macphail, who has received the Order of Saint Sava in recognition of her work as head of the Anglo-Yugoslav Hospital for Children in Belgrade



A MODERN WILBERFORCE: Mr. H. Masha Kathis who is seventy-seven years of age and has spent the greater part of his life in attempting to put down slavery in Africa. As a youth he was captured by Arabs and remained in servitude for a number of years until rescued by an expedition sent by General Gordon. Later, when a free man, he met his rescuer at Jaffa and had an opportunity of thanking him personally for what he had done

The Boy Scouts and the Jubilee

A Nation-wide Chain of Beacons

Since the days of Edward II, right through the ages till after the Elizabethan era, a complicated system of beacons was maintained in England from the north to the south, to warn the counties of approaching invasions or raids and to act as mobilization signals. The Boy Scouts are now preparing to set going a similar nation-wide chain of fires in celebration of the Silver Jubilee and on May 6 the King will light the first of the beacons in Hyde Park by pressing a button in Buckingham Palace. Over 680 of these beacons are now being prepared in fifty counties and they are all to be started at exactly the same time—10 p.m.

Jersey and Guernsey: *The Holiday Islands of the English Channel*

NINETY miles from the coast of England, and fifteen from the coast of France, Jersey and Guernsey have a charm, a beauty, an individuality that belong to neither country, yet partake a little of both. There are so many things which *must* be done in Jersey—picnics, walks, drives, bathing expeditions to remote little inlets, with their marvellous stretches of sand—that the habitually fine weather of the summer months would seem to be specially provided so that they can all be fitted in. Nobody, whatever his preferences, could ever complain of not having enough to occupy his time in Jersey, for in addition to the excellent bathing there are facilities for golf and tennis; and St. Helier, the capital, provides a generous measure of indoor entertainment for the evenings, as do also the leading hotels throughout the Island.

Although French is the official language, it is only a few people living in the quietest country districts who cannot speak English as well, which means that one can enjoy the novelty of a foreign holiday (and the crossing from Southampton or Weymouth by the fine boats of the Southern and Great Western Railways is itself an enjoyable beginning) with none of its inconveniences or the trouble of a foreign currency.

Guernsey, too, has its delightful bays, such as Petit Bot and Moulin Huet. It has its quaint associations with feudal times, and points of contact with more recent history, such as Castle Cornet, which held out for the cause of Charles I against the Roundheads when defeat had been recognized everywhere else, and the house in St. Peter Port where Victor Hugo fled into exile under the régime of Napoleon III. It has lovely walks, lovely weather, invigorating air; everything that is necessary, in fact, for a restful and stimulating holiday in unfamiliar surroundings.

ST. BRELADE'S BAY: One of the many attractive bathing beaches with which the Jersey coast is indented

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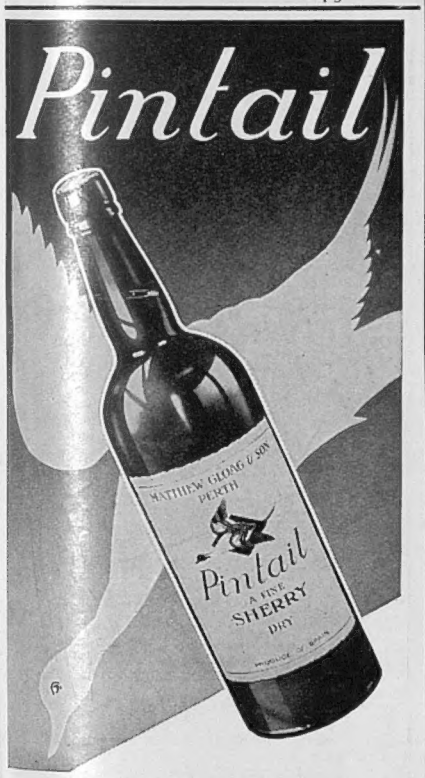

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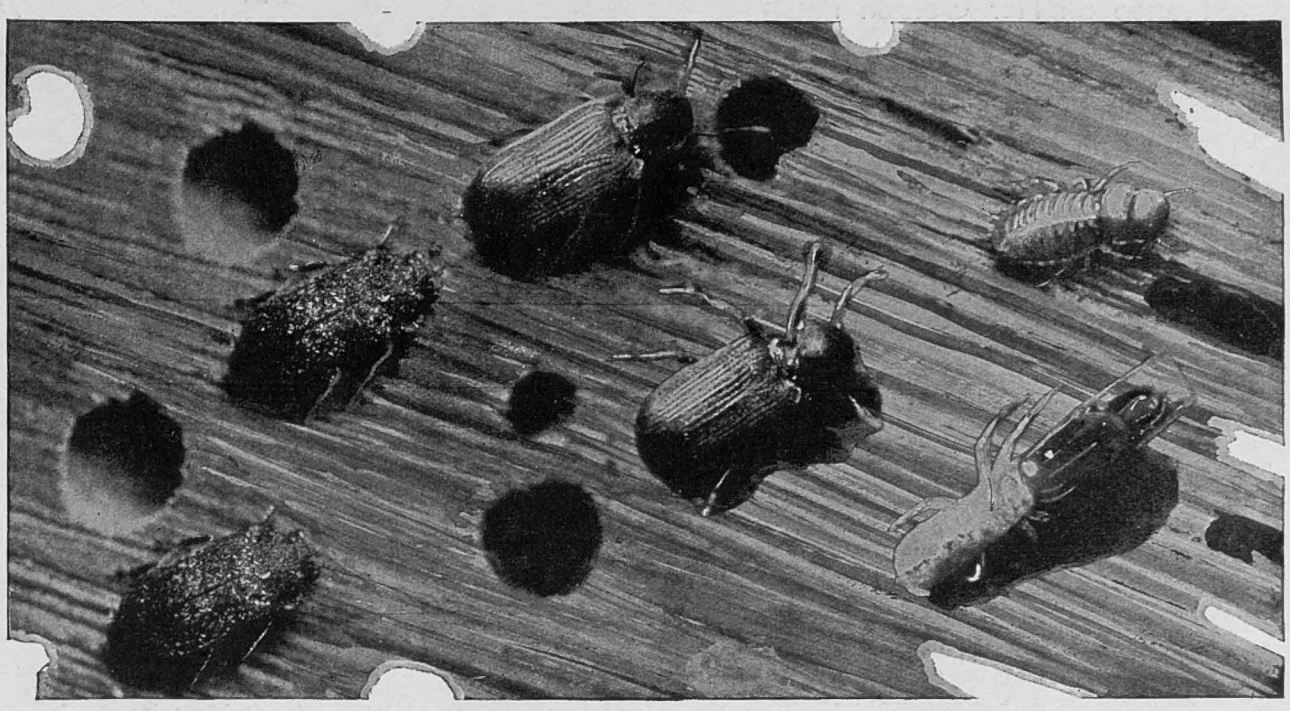

Death-Watch Beetle *Furniture Beetle* *Worker and Soldier White Ant*

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E104

France on Her Golden Perch

(Continued from p. 134)

public loss, notably the railways, which lose £80,000 a day. How long can the dance go on? One thing seems obvious; its perpetuation can only bring increasing injury to France, greater difficulty in climbing back when the day comes. Markets lost these days are not so easily picked up again. Nor even are mislaid tourists. There is certain to be augmenting outcry from the powerful tourist industry as Belgium collars custom this summer, as it is on the cards that Switzerland will do, also, after her June referendum on the gold issue. And there is Jubilee Year. . . .

As to when France will come off her golden perch—that is a difficult question to answer. As indicated, the war or peace issue now dominates. M. Flandin has announced that he will never devalue, that the opponents of that policy (MM. Reynaud and Patenôtre) must form a Cabinet to take that colossal risk; and the current mood of the country being scarcely to swop horses while the new defence policy is developing, the result may be the retention of "gold" Flandin at least until the international situation becomes clarified, even if in the meantime the national economy and finances go from bad to worse and the Republic comes to find itself in the unprecedented position of a country cut off from the rest of the earth, in currency; last, lone islet of gold.

A contributing factor making for delay in the inevitable is the natural enough French disinclination to admit that sterling has won the greater suffrages. Here wounded pride and amour propre enter in, all the more so because Paris has characteristically dramatized matters into "an attack on the franc"; always the French vice of seeing things in terms of the battlefield. There is, of course, no such onslaught. Matters are merely taking their course. No one has "won." We are each experimenting towards what suits us best, though this need not preclude the observation that the continued obstinacy of one may obstruct the recovery of the whole, it being now patent that stabilization must come round the Anglo-Saxon exchanges and not round the Banque de France.

India's Itinerant Entertainers

(Continued from p. 144)

Some of the most persistent would-be entertainers are the monkey men. They usually have two trained monkeys and the audience watches entranced whilst they dress in male and female attire and act accordingly. Their mock marriage, shaving, dancing and acrobatic feats are very funny.

Not so common is the bird man with his feathered captives. A favourite trick in olden days was for the rival owners to match their birds against each other in retrieving a ring or coin in its fall down a deep well before it reached the water. Now the tricks are more commonplace. Perhaps the most attractive is the placing of a cigarette from the bird's beak into the trainer's mouth.

Billy Goat has not a great number of orthodox tricks in his repertoire, the majority being feats of balance at which of course he is tremendously clever. But he is full of unorthodox and amusing tricks, and is a source of perpetual anxiety to his master when he attempts to butt the onlookers or other performers.

The show over the chief performer salaams; the signal for the few annas that are all the entertainers look for in the way of payment. And though the kiddies are sorry it is all over, mummie at least is glad that the incessant tum-tum, which is the inevitable accompaniment to every performance, is receding into the distance.

W. S.

The Friends of the Poor

Royal Patronage for a Charity Ball

The Duke and Duchess of York are showing their interest in "The Friends of the Poor" by promising to attend their Annual Ball on May 20, for which Mrs. Robert Fleming is lending her house. The Ball takes place on the same night as one of the State Banquets, and probably many of Their Majesties' guests will go on to 27, Grosvenor Square. The Duchess of Rutland is assisting the Marchioness of Carisbrooke in organizing the Ball, and is giving a dinner at which her two daughters, Lady Ursula and Lady Isobel Manners, and many of their friends will be present. Colombo's Band will be playing for dancing. Tickets are 2 guineas each (including buffet and champagne supper), and may be obtained from 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

S., India (Travel through Europe).—A most attractive route from Venice to London would be through the Dolomites, staying at Cortina d'Ampezzo, and thence over the Brenner Pass to Innsbruck. From the latter you could travel to Munich via the Bavarian Alps, and from Munich to Mainz, from where you could take a steamer down the Rhine to Cologne, making a night crossing to England via the Hook of Holland. You could travel to Cortina via Dezensano, but we think you would find Lake Garda very hot and oppressive during August. If you particularly wish to see Vienna you could travel from Trieste to Vienna in one day by train, and then continue to Innsbruck through the Austrian Tyrol. You should not miss the Rhine steamer trip between Mainz and Cologne, as many of the beauties of this district can only be seen from the river.

M.S., Oudh, India (Journey to England). Travelling to England via the Persian Gulf you could fly to Karachi and there take one of the British India vessels which go up the Persian Gulf to Basra. From there you could go by rail to Baghdad, and thence to Damascus by the Nairn Motor Transport Co. Alternatively you could fly from Baghdad to Gaza and continue on to Jerusalem by train. The overland route to England from either Jerusalem or Damascus would be via Aleppo, Adana, Konya, Eskishehr, Istanbul, Sofia, Belgrade, Trieste, Milan, and Paris, or from Belgrade via Budapest, Vienna, Frankfurt and Cologne. If you wish to cross Persia you could travel from Quetta to Duzdab, from there going by road to Yeld and Ispahan up to Teheran, or go by boat up the Persian Gulf to Bandari-Shahpur, and thence by rail and road via Dizful and Hamadan to Teheran. The journey from Teheran to Baghdad is made by road and rail.

K., Sussex (Dalmatia). The ideal way to see Dalmatia is to go by boat from Venice or Susak down the Dalmatian coast, staying for several days at Sibenik, Split, and Dubrovnik. Interesting excursions can be made from these three towns, those from Dubrovnik including the trips to the old Turkish town of Trebinje, to Kotor, and Cetinje, the capital of Montenegro. On the return journey you would have an opportunity of seeing the beautiful inland scenery of Jugoslavia if you took the route via Serajevo, Lasva, Jajce, Banja-Luka, Zagreb, Ljubljana, and Bled. This latter tour from Dubrovnik to Trieste takes about six days.

C., Surrey (motor tour in Italy). The following tour in Italy could be done in twenty-three days, Calais, Arras, Soissons, Dijon, Geneva, Aigle, Simplon Pass, Stresa, Como, Milan, Brescia, Verona, Venice, Padua, Bologna, Florence, Poppi, Arezzo, Perugia, Todi, Terni, Rome, Cassino, Naples, Formia, Rome, Livorno, Pisa, Rapallo, Genoa, Alassio, Monte Carlo, Nice, Cannes, Fréjus, Avignon, Lyon, Autun, Fontainebleau, Versailles, Beauvais, Calais. For short stays in quiet spots we recommend Amalfi, a short distance from Naples, and Portofino, near Rapallo. Both places are delightfully situated overlooking the sea, amidst pretty and picturesque country.

D., (Italy). You would not find the island of Capri oppressively hot during the summer months, the mean temperature there during August being 74 deg. Fah. There are two bathing beaches, at Marina Grande on the north side of the island, and at Marina Piccola on the south side. The Hôtel International at Capri charges from 32 to 46 lire per day during the summer. The return 2nd class fare from London to Naples via Dover–Calais is £14 16s., which includes the 50 per cent. reduction granted by the Italian State Railways. The return 1st class fare from London to Naples by Orient Line steamer is £27.

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"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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